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Christmas and the Children
Two-Year Missionaries: Committed to a Life-style
Jesus' People Speak Out



Holy Family, steel and faceted glass sculpture by Ralph M. Holdeman

Keeping Our Promise To Him Depends On You



United Methodists decided last year to raise \$8,000,000 during 1971 and 1972 for his education. The plan called Negro Colleges Advance, was adopted by the General Conference of 1970.

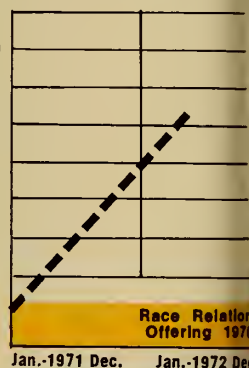
This year annual conferences have accepted conference goals which total \$5,607,573, or 70.9% of the total objective.* Other conferences are still to act.

Now we are proceeding to back up our promises with gifts to provide an education for the 10,000 students of our 12 Negro colleges. For example, one conference has already contributed \$62,309 or 83.1% of its 1971 goal. One conference of the former Central Jurisdiction has raised \$11,600 completing its 1971 goal, in addition to contributing its annual gift of \$45,000.*

GOALS ACCEPTED BY ANNUAL CONFERENCES

The early trickle of dollars has become a steady stream. Conferences in all parts of the country are challenging their members to give generously.

\$8,000,000
7,000,000
6,000,000
5,000,000
4,000,000
3,000,000
2,000,000
1,000,000



As an individual, you can contribute through your church, district, or conference, or send a check directly to NEGRO COLLEGES ADVANCE, c/o Edwin E. Smith, Treasurer, United Methodist Board of Education, P. O. Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee 37202.

Your gift is the difference between an unfulfilled promise and an educated person who is enabled to reach his own potential.

*As of Oct. 1, 1971

12
UNITED
METHODIST
INSTITUTIONS

Bennett College
Bethune-Cookman College
Claflin College
Clark College
Dillard University
Huston-Tillotson College
Meharry Medical College
Morristown College
Paine College
Philander Smith College
Rust College
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Negro Colleges Advance

United Methodist Church
P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee 37202

- ☐ I will help. My contribution is enclosed.
☐ I will help. Send more information.

Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____ Zip _____

1971 • Negro Colleges Advance • 1972

Together

A Christmas and the Children
New Year Message—Combined in a 1971
Issue. People Speak Out



Paint, cloth, clay, glass, copper, steel, chrome, brass—you name it and in all likelihood Ralph M. Holdeman has used it in at least one of his art creations. Even such "junk" as re-claimed auto parts and computer components have been transformed into metal sculptures by his fertile imagination and his skill with the acetylene torch. Two materials—steel and faceted glass—went into the delicately colored *Holy Family* on this month's cover. Now living in Elkhart, Ind., Dr. Holdeman is a onetime staff member of the National Council of Churches and executive secretary of the Board of Evangelism of the former Evangelical United Brethren Church.

TOGETHER DECEMBER 1971

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Together®

FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

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A GIFT FROM



WORLD WAR II came home to residents of Algona, in northwest Iowa, in 1944 when 2,000 acres just west of town were fenced off with barbed wire. Buildings were hastily thrown up and a new sign was posted: "Algona P.W. Camp."

That August, Eduard Kaib, who had been captured by American forces in southern France, joined several thousand other weary, heartbroken, frightened German soldiers in the new prisoner of war camp. Three years later the prisoners had been returned home and the camp had been torn down. The war was being forgotten. But the name of Eduard Kaib was still well remembered in Algona—as it still is today.

Kaib's fame stems from a simple request he had made to the prison commandant shortly after his internment. "Could I build a Christmas Nativity for the camp?" the young German asked. Lt. Col. Arthur T. Lobdell agreed.

With five other prisoners Kaib began his project. The men used their own meager funds to buy materials for the creche figures, half life-size. They would pour concrete on wire frames, then put plaster on top of the concrete from which the figure's features could be hand carved. Work progressed slowly, partly because Mr. Kaib spent much of his time severely ill in the prison hospital.

In December, 1945, the Nativity scene was finally finished. Col. Lobdell was so impressed that he had the scene's 72 figures set up outside the barbed wire where Algona townspeople could enjoy it. Several hundred visited this unexpected gift from the German prisoners that first year.

When the camp was abandoned, the Nativity scene was relocated on the local fairgrounds. It has been displayed each Christmas season since, first by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, now by the men's club of First United Methodist Church.

Again this Christmas several thousand visitors from many states will trek to Algona to see the manger scene flanked on one side by the approaching Wise Men, on the other by shepherds and angels. And as they think of the scene's designer, they surely will meditate again on the message that spans the ages and condemns man's struggles: "... On earth peace among men . . ."

For Algona townspeople and Eduard Kaib that message has a very personal meaning. In December, 1968, the Iowans raised \$2,500 to bring Kaib, his wife, and their teen-age son and daughter to Algona. When not attending one of the many events held in his honor, Mr. Kaib was at the Nativity scene, answering viewers' questions. One of those who came to chat was Col. Lobdell, now retired and living in Nebraska.

"I left here a prisoner of war, and now I am back a free man," Mr. Kaib reminisced. "That means the most to me."

—Martha A. Lane

P.O.W.

The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 100,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, or serious illness of one or both parents.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each home is required to submit an annual audited statement.



She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only \$12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261



I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month.

I enclose first payment of \$_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

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Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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England's Jack Burton:

Pastor-Busman

Text by H. B. TEETER / Pictures by JOHN RAY

FROM EARLY MORNING until late at night big, colorful double-deck buses nudge their way from stop to stop through the bustling streets of Norwich, ancient cathedral and university city near England's east coast, in the county of Norfolk.

In the cab of one old bus is a bespectacled, scholarly young Methodist pastor who more often is assigned a newer model; but this morning he fights the gear stick of a 20-year-old vehicle. The destination screen reads "Tombland" which isn't as gloomy a place as it sounds. Tombland was the city's fairground site many centuries ago, and it is only one of scores of historic landmarks in this important trading and manufacturing center on the navigable Wensum River, 20 miles west of the seaport of Great Yarmouth.

The bus driver would probably impress you as being typically English in appearance, speech, and mannerisms. But Jack R. Burton is not a typical Englishman, if there are typical Englishmen. Nor is he a typical English Methodist pastor—a fact many have learned since the 32-year-old Mr. Burton entered the ministry 12 years ago.

Being "different"—even slightly controversial—is typical of Jack Burton, largely because he has consistently maintained and practiced a somewhat outmoded evangelistic philosophy: if people won't come to the church, the church must go to them. The church must seek out those in need of the gospel whether in the streets, in the stores, or in the pubs.

You must understand, however, that Jack Burton does not force his religion on others. He does not talk religion to the passengers on his bus. At present, his "in the world" ministry is directed largely toward fellow workers with the bus company. Once, several years ago, his efforts were aimed at a large gang of young hoodlums who came to know him as a trusted friend.

"Although I have not 'pushed religion,'" he says, "I have had some splendid conversations, comparable with anything I have experienced on church premises. Again, I learned long ago to accept people as they are, and not to foist my own opinions and standards upon them. Some have surprised me with the freshness of their thought, and I value every new relationship I have been able to establish.

"This type of ministry is new to British Methodism. It is demanding, it is exhilarating. I believe it is prac-





ticable. For the health of the church and of the world it is becoming essential."

Just the same, Jack encountered strong opposition from church authorities four years ago when he asked permission to combine his traditional ecclesiastical duties on a Methodist circuit with 40-hours-a-week of bus driving.

"As a minister in the traditional sense, I was restless. I felt isolated. I could not escape the conviction that most of our traditional forms of evangelism were no longer confronting people squarely with the offer of the gospel. Although I felt called to minister to the people of God, I felt an equally strong desire to speak to the unconverted . . . but I did not want to go it alone, separated from the normal life of the church. I was searching for a satisfying pattern of ministry in which I was able both to offer service and leadership to the church, and at the same time be in daily, vital contact with the world."

Jack had known the rewards and frustrations of such an "in the world" ministry during his college days as "hoodlum priest" to a youth gang in a high-crime area of the city. Over a period of several months he earned the trust and respect of young men whose life-styles included burglary, violence, alcohol, car theft, promiscuous sex, gambling, and frequent terms in prison.

In a book published under a pseudonym by Epworth Press in England four years ago, Jack relates some of his experiences and impressions.

"Their [the gang's] lack of principle sometimes leaves me speechless," he wrote. "Yet none of them would steal from me. Again, they didn't think much of one boy who emptied a blind box. They claim to believe in taking from the rich and giving to the poor. When asked who the poor are, they reply in unison, 'Me!'"

He believes as firmly today as he did then that the church should be "involved, committed, breaking new ground, in a constant state of flux, perpetually wrestling with new problems, seeking guidance, fighting in the front trenches, and being prepared to pay the cost.

"On the one hand we should be separated from the world, sacramentally and devotionally; gaining our power from there, we should—on the other hand—be immersed in the affairs of the world, fighting desperately to apply the ethic of Christ to every new situation, and seeking not only the redemption of individuals but the redemption of the society in which we live . . ."

That is why Jack Burton wears a busman's uniform 40 or more hours a week, and why he once brought young hoodlums into his circle of friends.

His days and nights with the gang were often trying for Jack and his wife. "These boys now know us well," he wrote, "and a few of them are just beginning to take our home for granted. I particularly object to cigarette



Above: Jack Burton and the caretaker of one church he serves, the Old Meeting House, are on their way to a nearby "pub" known as "The Woolpack," where Jack conducts a regular part of his "in the world" ministry.

Left: The pastor-busman, his wife, and three children visit the cloister of Norwich Cathedral, one of England's finest, noted for its lovely spire and flying buttresses.



The faithful few, scattered throughout the sanctuary of St. George, Colegate, tell the story of England's declining church membership—a sad fact that prompted Jack Burton to become a “worker-priest.” The Anglican priest-in-charge of St. George's is the Rev. David Clark with whom Jack has a team ministry. Below: He conducts devotions before morning worship with deacons at the Old Meeting House.



ash dropped casually on the floor, dirty talk, a complete refusal to be quiet when they leave—going past the other rooms in the house very noisily; and I object to being told what I can have and what I can't have on my own wireless. I sat down to think when they had left. Loving the unlovely is not easy. It is very costly. Just occasionally I get near to loathing one or two of them—and yet the love of Christ keeps me in check."

Molly, his attractive wife, took the gang's frequent visits in her home with the same philosophical attitude she brings to her present role as the mother of three and the wife of a bus driver-pastor.

"Jack is doing what he believes he has to do, what he believes is right. I have backed him up in everything he has tried to do," she says.

In his book about the gang, *Message Delivered*, Jack writes as Trevor O'Neill:

"What a privilege to be the minister and command the confidence of such a remarkable group! By Christian love, involvement, and identification, an entrance has been forced into another world—a world of break-ins, purposelessness, petrol-siphoning, prison, and occasional unexpected tenderness."

One young man, he found, was more sensible than the others. "But let the churchman be warned—he typifies I suspect, the majority . . . in that religion means nothing



Religion-over-the-teacups: Jack talks with another driver at the Norwich railway station during a break halfway through his shift. Although he doesn't push church matters, he often is sought out by fellow workmen. Below: At the end of a run, he confers with his conductor, Keith Burton, who is not related.



at all to him; he never thinks about it, and wants nothing to do with the church, which doesn't touch his life at any point (at least it didn't until I breezed along)."

In his relationship with the gang, Jack Burton learned, as one would suspect, that many of these lads come from poverty and broken homes. And young toughs don't always want to remain outside the law, he declares. But they would rather break the law than the bonds that bind them to the gang.

"Here is one 18-year-old boy," he wrote, "who . . . wishes that he could break away from it . . . He's waited outside, or in the car; he's been the lookout. He's trying not to get involved, but if he doesn't go on the job he's scoffed at, and called chicken. This he cannot take. He admitted it . . . They are afraid of one another—yet each would like fuller and different lives."

Today, in another role, Jack thinks often of his "boys," of his failures and minor successes. But in 1963, placed on a circuit for the customary two years probation, he was upset, believing he had reached a point of "break-through" to some members of the gang.

"I was upset because I could not stay with the gang. The church authorities could not understand why I felt it was so important to continue my efforts with them."

He went to Glasgow where he was "very busy" as a full-time minister, in the slums, later to Ely where again he was very busy in a rural area. These years were the restless ones, and he felt himself rebelling against what he terms "the inward lookingness" of the church.

"I still wanted to preach, but could no longer live without contact with the unchurched world," he says. "So I sought, and finally received, reluctant permission to return to that world as a worker.

"On the very day the church agreed to my venture, I experienced an overwhelming sense of liberation which has not left me; I no longer feel that I live in a byway. I circulate on the highways of real life . . . I am not longing to return to the security of the church's solid routine; I am not conscious of having turned aside from my high calling, and of having made a fearful mistake."

It would be unlike Jack Burton to arrive at the bus station on his first day of work and publicly announce his calling as a Methodist pastor. He intended to let things happen. He believes the evangelist often has to wait patiently for the right moment to act. Eventually it came. One day he was present at a branch meeting of his trade union. A strike vote was to be called and a large crowd had gathered. He recalled:

"To the embarrassment of the union officials the hall was far too small, and busmen spilled over into the street. The mood was ugly. Suddenly I remembered I had the keys to my church in my pocket.

"Without hesitating too long—fearing my nerve would break—I stood up and offered the use of the church for the meeting. Although taken by surprise at this strange suggestion, the officials grasped the straw thankfully, and the meeting was transferred to one of the churches I serve, St. George, Colegate.

"It was practice night for the ringers, and the bells of the 15th-century church pealed out as over 200 uniformed busmen filed in for a meeting unique in the long history of the old church. The nature of the surroundings had an undoubted effect upon the temper of the meeting; there was no blasphemy nor swearing, and in a secret

ballot the strike proposals were defeated by the men."

Now that his dual role is well known to his fellow workmen, Jack says, "I have had some wonderful discussions in the canteen, during breaks."

The Burtons live in Colegate, an ancient and narrow thoroughfare where Saxons, Angles, Danes, and Normans walked many centuries ago. Here the Black Friars had a convent, and their vineyard grew where summer roses now bloom in the garden behind the Burtons' home.

Few towns have had so many old churches as Norwich, now a city of some 125,000. In medieval times there were 56 parish churches within the city walls. There are still 31, and but for the bombs of the last war, there would be 36. The city is built around a Norman castle which stands on an artificial mound, giving it a dominant site in the center of the city. The castle houses a museum and an art gallery featuring the "Norwich School" of painters.

One of the old Norwich churches is St. Andrew's which Jack passes each day as he walks to the bus depot. Here a memorial on one wall brings startled exclamations from American visitors. The memorial reads:

"In memory of Abraham Lincolne of this Parish, who died on July 15, 1798 aged 79 years, and Hannah his daughter, who died September 23rd, 1769, aged 6 years."

Perhaps, as many think, the memorial does commemorate an ancestor of the American president!

Since Jack Burton's knowledge of local history is extensive, he likes to point out that one of the two churches he serves—the Congregationalist Old Meeting House, Colegate, a famous Nonconformist chapel—dates from 1693. His immediate pastoral charge is at the Anglican church of St. George, the one he opened to union members for their strike vote. (This church also is the burial place of the painter John Crome.) At St. George's, he has inaugurated a team ministry with the priest-in-charge, David Clark, who also serves as an industrial chaplain. He takes services regularly on the Methodist circuit to which he is attached, and ministers to Methodists, Anglicans, and Congregationalists.

In addition to his work as a bus driver, he preaches every week and exercises full pastoral care, visiting his people at home and in the hospital. Partly because of location, and partly because church membership and attendance have dropped sharply throughout England in recent years, his congregations seldom number more than 40 persons, mostly elderly. One of his major concerns is the lack of new, young members.

If he is to find them, it will be in his workaday world. He works three alternating shifts for Eastern Counties Omnibus Company, Ltd.—early, midday, or late. For the early shift, he arises at 5 a.m., has tea with Molly who packs his lunch and sends him on his way. When he works the late shift, she has a hot meal ready for him when he returns home around 11 p.m.

During four years as a bus driver, often in heavy traffic, he has compiled an excellent safety record. No longer does he hear such apprehensive comments as: "I know he can preach, but can he drive a big thing like this?"

Jack Burton proved long ago that he can drive the double-deckers of Norwich, that he is intellectually and physically capable of conducting two types of ministries. He is waiting, somewhat impatiently, for others to join him. And he asks, as he has asked many times in the past: "Is the church no longer the friend of sinners?" □

ANNE BAXTER IS "THE LATE LIZ"



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ALL AGES ADMITTED
Parental Guidance Suggested

Two-Year Missionaries: Committed to a Life-style

Funny, you might say, they don't look like missionaries. But before you say it, ask yourself, What do missionaries look like?

Can they be in their early twenties? White? Dressed in jeans or shorts? Goateed? Pensive? Eager?

If they can possess any or all of these markings, they may indeed be a very special kind of missionary. Within The United Methodist Church this kind of missionary is called a U.S.-2. This means that he or she has agreed to serve two years under United Methodist auspices in some missions enterprise in the United States.

It is important to keep in mind the youthfulness of the "2s." The oldest this year is 28, the youngest 22. They bring to the program an indomitable vitality but also some uncertainties and lack of experience. Some are fresh off college campuses. Others have worked a year or two or five and have decided to seek what they expect to be the greater fulfillment of the missions field.

It is rough to train to be a U.S.-2—rougher, undoubtedly, for some than actually being a "2." For three weeks they are exposed, as a group, to "hurting communities," to institutional systems, to the church as a redemptive community, and to needs for

social change and improvements.

Then, for a second three weeks, they are in the field alone or in small groups, in mission situations similar to the ones where they will live for two years. They encounter the problems of trying to identify and help while remaining emotionally uninvolved in what can be wrenching situations. For a final week they regroup, tell what has happened to them individually during the three weeks apart, and start looking to the actual world they will occupy for two years.

Together was allowed to intercept four of this year's U.S.-2s at a unique moment in their training last summer—the Sunday afternoon following their field experiences and before their final week together. Combinations of mystery and exhaustion flickered across their faces as they pondered where they had been and where they were going. But in their eyes—in their eyes were small, intense fires of expectation, of excitement, of A-OK, ready for lift-off. Theirs was to be an exploration of social space and distances.

Here are excerpts from their conversation, as joined occasionally by *Together* Associate Editor John A. Lovelace:

Why, the four young adults were asked, are you in a church program rather than in some other kind?

Douglas Mannering: My wife, Lynette, and I were asked that same question when we were interviewed by the Board of Missions' regional committee. Our answer then and now was that we are interested in rural America. We had looked into VISTA (Volunteers in Service to America) and found that its aims are turning a little bit away from rural economic development. And since this is a two-year program while VISTA lasts only one, we felt we could do more in two years. Also we wanted to show

our faith and our religious upbringing in our work.

Susan Sims: I thought about several other programs including VISTA, and then made up my mind that the most satisfying community ministry that also offered a theological basis for operating in the community was the U.S.-2 program. The Christian faith demands involvement in the world. For some it means being involved in a community not as a leader but as a person that is affirming the community, trying to enable the people to help themselves, affirming the skills in the indigenous population.

Jay Willer: I'm not really sure why

I am here. Maybe why I wanted to do this through the church rather than through VISTA or the Peace Corps is that it's a Christian response rather than just a humanistic or political response.

Martha Milk: I've had a problem having to say, "My parents are missionaries," and being bothered by the traditional view that missionaries just go out and save souls and impose American values on people. I really objected to this because I didn't feel that my parents were that kind of missionaries. Christ said, "I came that you might have life and that you might have it abundantly." To me this



SUSAN SIMS: Daughter of a farm family at Liberty, Ill. . . . bachelor's degree, 1971, from University of Illinois in social sciences and home economics . . . 4.7 grade average on 5.0 base . . . fluent in Spanish . . . assigned to a United Methodist church as a community organizer in a north-side Chicago changing community.



MARTHA MILK: Born in Cuba, daughter of missionaries who fled Castro regime . . . 1971 graduate, Whittier College in California . . . major in sociology, psychology and Latin-American studies . . . 3.6 grade-point average on 4.0 base . . . bilingual since childhood . . . working in a Spanish-speaking community center in El Paso, Texas.



DOUGLAS MANNERLING: He and wife, Lynette, 1970 graduates from University of Illinois . . . both applied to Board of Missions before graduation . . . decided instead that Doug should accept job with Eastman Kodak in Rochester, N.Y. . . . reapplied (1971) for missions work . . . Doug (accounting major with 4.4 grade average on 5.0 base) managing a credit union in rural impoverished area in Missouri.

is what a missionary should be, helping a person have a richer life in all aspects, not just spiritual.

I've been so long with the church that it's like part of me. But in the last year and a half of college I found meaning outside the church. I found a meaningful job, simply working with people. But it wasn't church sponsored. I discovered that I could be a person, an individual, apart from the church. I almost feel that coming back to the church as a "2" is a test. If the church is valid, now is the time for me to prove it for myself.

A few moments later Martha explained that she had chosen the U.S.-2 program "because you can't have relevant foreign missions without relevant home missions." The others were asked if they agreed.

Susan: I think she's very right. All of us in training have seen how difficult it is for a middle-class, white individual to enter a hurting community and to overcome cultural barriers. It's painful to know that you

are giving up some of your own identity in trying to help people meet their needs. I see overseas mission as creating more and more cultural barriers just like we have in the States. I keep coming back to a decision between working in a community similar to my own—middle and upper class—and working there for attitudinal change and some institutional change or, on the other hand, taking some skills that I might have into hurting communities.

Right now I feel like I need to respond in the way the "2" program responds. It is really easy, though, to get into the whole credential bag, to claim that the educated person knows best. A lot of times the real experts are the community people.

Jay: "Middle class" raises some problems for me because I come from a basically blue-collar background. My job will be to take some of my gifts from a white, blue-collar class and to offer some perceptions I see of the world, some things I have to offer in personality and individual-

ness. I'm going to have my whiteness and my northerness going against me. But it's really absurd to go to Africa and say, "We know how you should run your society." The real work has to be done at home first.

Do any of you have problems with the term "missionary"?

Jay: This has some traditional bad connotations for me. I had to keep telling my friends I was working for the Board of Missions, but I didn't see myself as a missionary. I once thought seriously about going into the ministry, and I decided that I didn't want that category of "minister" to get in the way of doing what I want to do with my life. Now I've decided I'll be a missionary, but I don't want to use that word. I don't have the words to say why I'm in it except that I see my whole life as a response to my church, and this seems a good way to work it out.

Susan: I don't have problems with the term "missionary." I'm sure that within the past year one of the hard-



JAY WILLER: First considered mission work while on sophomore year work project at Redbird Mission in Kentucky . . . member former Evangelical United Brethren Church . . . English major graduate, 1970, from United Methodist-related North Central College, Naperville, Ill. . . . 3.0 grade average on 4.0 base . . . taught last year in Chicago . . . now teaching English in boys academy in South Carolina.

est questions we have had to face is, What is a U.S.-2? The word doesn't turn me off because I really do think that I am a missionary. Being a missionary today is an opportunity to respond in love.

Martha: I define mission as a sense of meeting others where they hurt and a feeling that there is more than just me. I think of the missionary as an enabler—a person who makes possible changes either in other people's lives or their life-styles or their ability to be free, thinking humans. This is the sense of mission, enabling people to live fully, to enjoy, to celebrate. I still have a hang-up about calling myself a missionary because I know what other people think . . . so I have to get to the place where I don't care what other people think. I'm almost there where I can say I'm a missionary, but I still have to define it, still have to say a U.S.-2 is like a VISTA worker [the others laughed at this] which even then is kind of hard because VISTA has some bad connotations.

How are you going to make what you are doing seem important to the person in the comfortable pew?

Susan: For many of us the cross has become a more and more significant symbol of who we are in our struggles. To me the cross symbolizes the frustration, failure, and rejection of one who was willing to suffer and keep trying for his world. But at the same time it is a contradiction because it also represents the power and the hope in Christianity.

Martha: The person in the comfortable pew who goes to church on Sunday, pays his dues, and leaves is not taking a look at himself. He is not being responsible; he is leaving it to the church. Here is the sense of mission, *his* need for change, for the congregation to see *his* sense of mission, *his* need for change, for growth, for helping others.

Doug: A lot of people outside the church look at the church the way it is in their community and don't see it functioning any differently than any other organization. If the people in the church don't realize that they have a mission in their communities, then the others are never going to find out what Christianity is all about.

Jay: We've been talking about being Band-Aids. Here is something that speaks to me: Am I just going to be soothing some immediate needs of people who have a lot of needs, or am I going to be dealing with *why* they are in need and with the structural problems that put them there? We've said that maybe our real mission should be in our home churches, in the white middle class where the power exists to change things. I come out of that very frustrated at not knowing how to get to the white, middle-class structure to make it change. So I have to take my gifts and offer myself to do whatever I can to alleviate the hurt quickly.

Susan: Much of church mission has gone only to the point that it didn't step on our own self-interests. As long as we can send money somewhere where we can't see it, it isn't threatening to us in our own community. But if there are housing needs in our community for low-income people, that might threaten our property value. That is a self-interest.

Jay: That is what I tried to say about being a Band-Aid and trying to cover up problems in our society. Drugs have been terribly abused in

the ghetto for a long time, but they did not become a recognized problem until they moved into the suburbs. So now we are getting some effective drug programs.

Susan: Jay, you have brought up an important way to look at the way change occurs. For me one of the most comforting things that has happened recently is the fact that middle-class college students are not able to get jobs. And the fact that they can't get jobs—that's going to call for change which all of us beating our heads against the wall for years could never bring. The middle class was finally pinched and forced to act.

Jay: When I am asked to speak in front of our church, I can tell them whatever I want to say and they really won't hear me. They'll say Amen and sing the last hymn and put their offering in the plate and go home and watch the ball game. And they'll say, "Boy, Jay is going down there to South Carolina, and our church sent him, and we've done our job." That really bothers me.

Martha: Can't you challenge them?

Jay: Maybe by going to South Carolina I am removing the challenge. Maybe the people in Fremont, Ohio, need me to stand in front of them and say nasty things more than the kids in South Carolina need me to teach them poetry.

Can you see yourselves doing this for more than two years?

Martha: I've come to feel that one cannot just say, "I'm going to do this for a little while," and then hop out. It's a cop-out; you never really get involved. A good number of us "2s" have come to the conclusion during training that this isn't just a two-year commitment. To view it as just a two-year thing is to see it as an escape from whatever situation we are in. I'm beginning to see that it is total involvement, not a two-year thing but a beginning of a life-style.

What if your religious faith is challenged or maybe even shattered during this two years?

Martha: In this training program I have gained a theological grounding to my mission. I can't go out and say I want to do something for people unless I have a grounding, unless I know that there is a hope and something beyond just me. I could call this the experience of knowing Christ

ABCs of the U.S.-2s

THE program gets its name from supplying missionaries for two-year assignments in the United States.

It began in 1951 in the former Methodist Church.

Applicants go through intensive interview and screening procedures conducted by the Board of Missions.

Volunteers are given a rigorous seven-week training session before assignment.

Each "2" is paid \$150 per month plus room and board throughout two years.

Service is usually with a United Methodist agency—hospital, school, home, community center—but some serve in ecumenical or secular situations.

Many trainees come directly from college graduation.

Others join after one to five years' employment.

Most are United Methodists.

The 1971-73 class, with 43 members, is largest in the program's history. Eight married couples also is a high.

U.S.-2 is an alternative-service program approved by the Selective Service System. Eleven of 17 men this year meet alternative service requirements as "2s."

and understanding what his mission and his message were and understanding the absurdity of the cross and why he was crucified. As long as I've got a base, which I've gotten here, I don't think I can lose it.

Susan: I fully expect that in the next two years my faith will be shattered many times. I'll probably curse the U.S.-2 program, curse everything that it stands for. But at the same time I have faith that I can be resilient to recover from times of weakness. I may fail and probably will in the next two years. Being a "2" is a bet that this might be a place where our skills and our personhood can be invested in a positive way that will come out to some kind of success.

Doug: My job for the next two years is to manage a newly formed credit union which will cover three counties in the Boot Heel of south-east Missouri. This area is very poor. And I see my success or failure in being able to convince people that they can join this cooperative effort to put their money together to be able to help those who are most in need of it. My job is also to train a manager to take over when I leave. If I have not done this in two years, that will be failure.

I know that my faith in people is going to be jolted many times. But I do not feel that I am going to lose my faith in God or in Christianity as

a powerful movement for humanity.

Jay: The idea of failing in the two years doesn't scare me because I'm sure that there are going to be a lot of places that I am going to fail. What I would hope to be able to do is to understand that failure and say as I go along, "Today I blew something," and figure out where I misperceived it and didn't act as I should and say, "OK, that's what I've done; tomorrow is a new day." As for whether I'll stay there after the two years: our leaders have been telling us that if we're doing our job, at the end of two years there will be other places that need us more.

There followed several minutes of reflection on the seven-week training program and what it had meant in comparison with years in the institutional church and in schools.

Martha: There have been people here to struggle along with me. I guess that the absence of people to struggle with me is one of the failures of the church and of the educational system.

Susan: I don't think we'd be here in the U.S.-2 program if we couldn't affirm structure. I affirm structure because I think society calls for some type of structure, of organization, of institution. I don't have answers for replacing those institutions, but that still doesn't mean that we can't be

creative in challenging and changing those institutions to be more human.

Doug: We have pushed each other and gotten to know each other probably better than we know our best friends of a few years, and I think we will continue as a community of support for each other.

Jay: The experience of going through these weeks and having people keep coming at you and saying, "Where do you stand? How do you see this? What are you really doing with your life?" is at times a very draining thing and very elevating and frustrating and exciting.

Then the conversation shifted back to statements of faith.

Susan: Probably most of us "2s" have been challenged as to why we adhere to the Christian faith in trying to promote change. There are a lot of forces in society trying to create change, but I don't see a lot of forces using love as a force for that change. There's a lot of forces using hatred. It's really a unique faith that says, I'm going to fight you and I'm going to work against what you are for, but I'm still going to love you.

Martha: I would like to see myself in prophetic servanthood. One emphasis of this training was to try to understand what it means to be a Christian, to understand God so we can say that God really acts in history, that he is God, the creator. This goes back to where I am in being an enabler: that if God is a creator, then he is creating new things, so if we are with him or he is with us, then we too should be creative. The Christian life-style is not static. It does not try to maintain the status quo but tries to move because God moves and does not stand still.

Jay: I see my involvement in this program as being a responsible response—those two words mean a lot to me, being responsible and responsive—and I see it as a response to a promise in the Bible that I was loved by God. But there's a responsibility. It's not just God saying, "I love you," and me sucking all that up. I see this as where I need to respond and show my love and say that as I respond to love from God I have to rechannel that love into other people. Maybe I'm in this because I'm scared of the apocalypse and afraid that man will enact an apocalypse of his own before God gets a chance to. I see it as

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my responsibility to help channel which way the apocalypse comes.

Susan: One contradiction in the commitment to Christianity is that at the same time it liberates you it imprisons you in that commitment. For me it was necessary to be a part of this vehicle or some other vehicle.

You don't see this, then, as a radical interruption in your life-style but rather a continuing of a life-style that meets your needs.

Jay: Right. I don't see it as being a U.S.-2 for two years and then going back to being whoever I was before. All the time I'm going to be Jay Willer. But in the next two years I'm going to be Jay Willer, employed by the Board of Missions in a unique situation.

Susan: Yeah, I feel that this is part of a steady flow but also like getting a shot in the arm.

Martha: There has been a definite pattern in my life which has been interrupted. I've been a little bit down about the church. Everybody can't always be up, but you can say, I'm tired of being depressed; it's time I got up. I feel that by being a U.S.-2 I'm coming back to the church. It's a definite commitment and a stepping-stone. And I really feel that if I had gone into VISTA, it would have been different because I wouldn't have made the commitment to the church.

Doug: This is definitely a high point as far as my own life goes. Being a "2" represents the surfacing of the feelings that I've had for my life that hadn't been able to surface because of full-time obligations to work and family. I could not do enough outside of my work of the type of things I wanted to do, whereas in a full-time job where I can do what I want to do I feel comfortable. It's not work but a fulfillment of what I really want to do. My work is going to be entirely outside church walls in an ecumenical ministry supported by about five different churches.

I think this is a good movement and is a way I can act in a full-time job outside church walls just witnessing as I feel I should as a Christian.

Jay: I'm not saying that change has to come. I'm saying that, in my interpretation of my world, change is going to come. There are things I can do to direct that change and to pick the alternatives of that change. □

FROM IOWA TO HAITI: TWO WORKING VACATIONS

For two summers now the Richard C. Haw family of Sumner, Iowa, has spent time in Haiti. A working vacation, you might call it. Dr. Haw, a dentist, is a longtime member of the Christian Dental Society, a nondenominational group of nearly 1,000 from all 50 states and 25 foreign countries.

Among the society's objectives is to carry dentistry to remote areas, particularly in support of church dental programs. That's where the Haws, United Methodists all, come in.

The family, in addition to Dr. Richard, is Ruth, a combination wife-mother-and-nurse, Jeff, 13, and Becky, 17. Theirs is a family enterprise. As Dr. Haw puts it:

"Perhaps the most rewarding part of this work is what I hope my children gather from seeing that this must be done with God's help."

This past summer the Haws worked at a Seventh-day Adventist clinic in a suburb of the Haitian capital, Port au Prince.

Days began at 7 a.m. Not since April had the area had a dentist, so the Haws worked long into the nights. On weekends they visited other medical missions, none of them operated by United Methodists. They found, said Dr. Haw, every clinic needing help, finances, equipment, and supplies. But he felt, cautiously, that with a change of presidency following the death of "Papa Doc" Duvalier, things might improve.

"We see quite a change from our similar trip last summer," he said.

The clinic in which the Haws worked accepts payment from Haitians able to pay. "But we turn no one away," said the Iowa dentist. My family has eaten a lot of bananas and other fruits that grateful natives have brought us."

When he attempted to take some pictures to bring back for this magazine, Dr. Haw ran into trouble. "The strong voodoo religion is against having pictures taken," he reported.

He gained a positive impression of the work of Christian missions in Haiti. "I realize you cannot over-



"It's like learning another language," said Mary Krause (right) after she and Susan Morrison spent the summer working with the National Welfare Rights Organization in Minnesota. Both are ordained United Methodist ministers, Miss Krause in the Minnesota Annual Conference and Miss Morrison in the Peninsula (Delaware) Conference. Both are third-year students at Boston University School of Theology. Although they identified themselves as "middle class and academically oriented," the two, both 28, also have spent 3 1/2 years in social work in a Brazilian city.

come the poverty, voodoo, malnutrition, without the teachings of Christ. The people who have accepted Christianity are by far those who have also raised their standard of living. The churches are doing wonderful work in my opinion."

The Haw family was singled out to *Together* by their pastor, the Rev. Robert R. MacCanon. He noted that the doctor and his wife teach church-school classes and sing in the choir along with son Jeff. The family is also active in Scouting and Eastern Star. They pay all their own expenses on these ventures.

MOST URBAN AMERICANS FAVOR CHURCH TAXATION

Churches and private schools and colleges would be taxed if the majority of urban Americans had their way.

That is the conclusion of a recent national survey contracted by the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development. The survey was conducted in ten major cities where debate has increased over taxation of large church holdings.

Last year the U.S. Supreme Court upheld church exemptions. Still before the court is a case involving taxation of church-run businesses.

More than 54 percent of persons questioned in the national survey agreed that laws upholding tax exemptions on private schools and churches should be changed.

\$1.5 MILLION LAWSUIT FILED AGAINST BOARD

As United Methodism's general boards and agencies went through their annual fall meetings, a \$1.5 million lawsuit filed against one of them was undoubtedly the biggest departure from the norm.

The lawsuit was filed in a U.S. District Court in New York State against the Washington-based Board of Christian Social Concerns. An Ohio legal firm filed the suit on behalf of First Sgt. Myron C. Pryor of the Ohio National Guard.

The suit alleges that Sgt. Pryor was maliciously libeled in a report on the 1970 Kent State University shootings. The report was written by a New York insurance broker, Peter Davies, and was circulated by the United Methodist board. Mr. Davies was named in a similar \$1.5 million lawsuit filed on behalf of Sgt. Pryor. Mr. Davies' report has a number of specific references to the sergeant, a member of the Ohio National Guard troop ordered to duty at Kent State.

Mr. Davies' most widely publicized allegation is that some National Guardsmen conspired to fire the shots which killed four students and wounded others. His report also called for an "immediate and thorough [federal] investigation" of the shootings, but Attorney-General John Mitchell subsequently announced his decision not to call for a federal grand jury investigation.

Social Concerns Board General Secretary A. Dudley Ward said, "We will resist the suit with all appropriate legal action." He added, "Insofar as the case will bring the matter under judicial scrutiny, we think it may serve a useful purpose."

Among other developments at the general church level were these:

—The Council on Youth Ministries released a "statement of purpose" calling for greater participation by youth in The United Methodist Church. The council said more communication is planned between it and annual-conference and local-church youth councils.

—United Methodist Voluntary Service reported that by the end of 1972 perhaps 1,000 persons will have served in the program. An enlarged voluntary program will be recommended to the 1972 General Conference to be funded at \$1 million per year during 1972-76.

—The United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief granted \$100,000 for East Pakistani refugees, largest among grants totaling

\$531,766 for work in 15 countries. Officials estimated that the committee will have received \$1 million by year's end.

—The Program Council generally approved plans for a proposed "Council on Ministries" to function between General Conference sessions. Also widely supported was a proposed General Board of Communications.

—The Board of Evangelism voted its preference that any successor board be identified as the Board of Evangelism and Discipleship. The board also announced that the "Contact" telephone emergency ministry initiated under its supervision has obtained ecumenical sponsorship with headquarters in Harrisburg, Pa.

—A national convocation for key United Methodist leaders was announced for September 19-22, 1972, in Cleveland, Ohio, to brief them on plans for the 1972-76 quadrennium. Bishops, district superintendents, and annual conference program directors are expected to attend.

PUBLICATIONS DIRECTOR TO JOIN FINANCE STAFF

The Rev. Ewing T. Wayland, editorial director of *Together* and *Christian Advocate* since 1964, will



join the Council on World Service and Finance staff on January 1 as acting associate general secretary and comptroller. His election to the new post was announced at the council's October meeting.

A native of Arkansas, Dr. Wayland joined the denomination's general periodicals staff in 1960 as editor of the *Christian Advocate*. Prior to that he was editor of the *Arkansas Methodist* for 12 years and, concurrently, the *Louisiana Methodist* for 9 years. Earlier he served pastorates in Texas and Arkansas and was a Navy chaplain.

In his new position Dr. Wayland will be in charge of the central treasury and will succeed Dr. J. Homer Magee as head of audit and special services, following Dr. Magee's retirement next June 1. He will continue as editor of the *Daily Christian Advocate* for the 1972 General Conference, a position he has held at the last four conference sessions.

ATTICA-AREA BISHOP HITS 'APPALLING' FORCE

United Methodist bishops sue pronouncements occasioned through their official body, Council of Bishops, but various individuals among them frequently break into the news on their own.

Bishop W. Ralph Ward of Syracuse (N.Y.) Area stepped in one of the stormiest centers of comments on the Attica prisoners. Attica is in his episcopal area.

Bishop Ward told the New York State Council of Churches, "We must be a significant part of turning the mood of this state . . . away from the tendency to rely upon violence as the way of resolving both old and today's situations and the crises which capture the headlines."

Bishop Ward charged that the amount of force used by state troops and national guardsmen at the end of the holdout was "appalling." But he declined to criticize either Gov. Nelson Rockefeller or Commissioner of Correction Russell G. Oswald for their decisions. "Judgment here should rest with the findings of objective investigations," the bishop said.

He added that "structured and hidden racism" lie at the root of the nation's social disorders.

In Washington, joining four other top-level Protestant officials and eight congressmen, Bishop John Wesley Lord signed a statement opposing the proposed "prayer amendment" to the U.S. Constitution.

Sponsors of the bill have said that one aim is to overcome what they call limitations on prayer in school by U.S. Supreme Court decisions of 1962 and 1963. The combined churchmen-congressmen statement said the amendment was unnecessary and that protection of religion guaranteed by the First Amendment was not jeopardized by the Supreme Court.

In New England a consultation of church leaders voted to hold a conference May 23-25, 1972, on problems and relationships of public and church education. On that group's steering committee is Bishop James K. Mathews of the Boston Area.

The consultation's statement called for "fullest possible interchurch cooperation" in the planning and conduct of Christian education for all ages. Roman Catholic and Orthodox bishops were among the signatories.

CHURCH RESPONSE ASKED ON 'BAD' TV FUTURE

A communications-expert churchman said recently that the future of American communication media, especially television, looks so bad that churches are challenged on moral and practical grounds to respond.

As if in response, United Methodists and United Presbyterians prepared to release in January five short television "spots" [see *Survival* the '70s, October, page 12].

The Rev. William Fore, head of the National Council of Churches' Broadcasting and Film Commission, predicted that economies will lead to a breakup of television networks and the phase-out of "large, responsible newsgathering agencies." He said he did not think cable television could fill the gap. Fore recommended four steps for churches:

- Work with other agencies to advise the U.S. Secretary of Commerce call a fifth communications congress (four were held earlier this century) to work out new regulatory practices for communications.

- Take part in a quasigovernmental communications research center to study the influence of various media on learning, perception, and crime.

- Support congressional and federal regulatory action setting up nationwide cable TV service with uniform standards.

- Back a national citizens' organization in the area of mass communications to show public interest. On a more pragmatic base, the "survival" spots to be released in January are based on more than 100 ideas produced by some 50 local church workshops.

The second series of "survival" spots is scheduled for release in the fall. Groups wishing to participate in workshops are asked to write the United Methodist Division of Television, Radio, and Film Communication. Input from these groups must be received by February 15 to be included in the fall series.

The impact of church-produced television programs was attested to by the Lutheran Church in America, which reported that more than 1 million children ages 2 through 12 watch its *Davey and Goliath*.

Tests showed that "sharing commercials" produced jointly by four denominations have greater attention-getting power than any other children's films tested, including *Home Street*. United Methodists participated in the "Sharing" series.



Gold medals from St. George's United Methodist Church in Philadelphia, Pa., were presented this year to Carl Bert Albert, left, speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, and to Kendall Harris Shoyer, a judge in the Orphans' Court in Philadelphia. The two lifelong Methodists were the 36th and 37th persons honored by St. George's, which claims to have the world's oldest Methodist edifice in continuous service. The gold medals are for "distinguished service to The United Methodist Church."

United Methodists in the News

Sixty-five years as a church organist in England and the United States were completed recently by **Sydney W. Letcher** of Albright United Methodist Church, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Under a United Methodist program initiated earlier this year, the Rev. **Akio Tsukamoto** is the first pastor from Asia assigned to an ethnic community in the United States. He will be on the staff of Simpson United Methodist Church in Arvada, Colo.

America's first space-walker, the late astronaut **Ed White**, has been memorialized in a youth center at Seabrook United Methodist Church near Houston, Texas. His \$500 gift to his church provided the center's seed money.

Ray King, member of the United Methodist Church in Sutherland, Nebr., has been installed as sovereign grand master of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

The first I. Lynd Esch scholarship honoring the retired president of Indiana Central College in Indianapolis went to **Joyce Ellen Parker** of Brookville, Ohio.

Dean of the new black-studies program at New York Theological Seminary is the Rev. **Gilbert H. Caldwell, Jr.**, who also heads the Ministerial Interfaith Association of Harlem.

FINANCES BRIGHTEN FOR BLACK SCHOOLS

As Thanksgiving-Christmas holiday breaks neared for United Methodist colleges and universities, 1 had a new president, and financial prospects were brightening for at least 12 others.

New president of Alaska Methodist University in Anchorage is Dr. John O. Picton, a research and development specialist formerly with the Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory in Portland, Oreg. The United Methodist layman, 48, has 20 years of educational and administrative experience.

Despite the school's \$1.2 million indebtedness, one official of the Board of Missions to which the school is related said she is optimistic about its future.

The Alaska legislature asked an eight-man study team to investigate AMU's financial future. On the team is Dr. Edward M. Collins, Jr., president of United Methodist-related Millsaps College in Jackson, Miss. Alaska state funds helped the school open this fall.

In an unrelated event, Millsaps announced a plan to improve communications between the school and United Methodist churches in Mississippi. Each church is asked to name a "Millsaps coordinator," and meetings with those persons on district levels will begin soon.

From directors of the Negro Colleges Advance came word that 71 percent of a two-year, \$8 million goal for 12 black United Methodist colleges has been formally underwritten by approximately the same percentage of annual conferences.

The 1970 General Conference set the goal for the 1971 and 1972 calendar years, plus an additional \$1 million for each of the two years for scholarships and loans. Most of that \$2 million has been raised and distributed by reordering priorities of general boards and agencies.

Approximately 10,000 students are enrolled in the 12 black schools.

The 1971-72 academic year is the 26th for the Crusade Scholarship program, begun as part of the 1944-48 Crusade for Christ program in the former Methodist Church.

Among the 130 studying under the program this year are 40 Americans, the largest number from any country and mainly from minority groups.

Crusade Scholars this year are attending school in 20 countries plus Puerto Rico. The program has aided a total of 2,012 students.

For COCU: an Avid Layman, a 'Word' to Churches

Dick Perdue of Dallas, Texas, admits that his wife "thinks I'm cuckoo on COCU."

Evidence? The United Methodist layman took vacation time and paid his own expenses to the tenth annual meeting of the Consultation on Church Union (COCU) last September in Denver, Colo. Two reasons:

1. "COCU is the most impressive thing I've found in ecumenism.

2. "A Plan of Union adopted by COCU calls for local interdenominational study, and our own (North Texas) annual conference has called for the same thing. Yet nobody was doing anything about it in Dallas." But Dick is changing all that.



Mr. Perdue

Dick is a strapping, wavy-haired native Arkansan who looks at least 10 years younger than his recorded 50. As a press relations officer for Dallas's largest employer, Texas Instruments (45,000 employees)

he's deadline oriented. And when he found some months ago that COCU, too, is "on a deadline," he swung into action.

First he got some updated information on COCU, which he had not heard of since the consultation met in Dallas in 1966. Then he held a living-room dialogue at his home to discuss ecumenism.

Then, last May, he led his church-school class at Highland Park United Methodist in four Sunday discussions of ecumenism, including not only COCU but also the National and World Councils of Churches.

But what, he kept asking, about studying A Plan of Union? Checks with his pastoral staff, his district superintendent, and his bishop convinced him that nobody was going to lead such a study, but no one would stand in his way if he wanted to try it.

On Highland Park Church letter-heads Dick wrote about 40 Dallas church leaders asking (1) should the COCU plan be studied in Dallas and, if so, (2) how?

Response was overwhelming, and in early August 55 persons from all over Dallas, black and white but, more importantly, representing seven of COCU's nine member denominations, attended the meeting along with American Baptist and Roman Catholic observers. For nearly three hours, us-

ing viewgraph machines, tape recordings, and small group discussions, they discussed COCU.

One message which the group quickly absorbed is that Dallas is a pivotal location for ecumenism. Dick's own Highland Park Church, with more than 9,000 members, is United Methodism's second largest. East Dallas Christian, with 4,400 members, is the largest among the Disciples of Christ, and Highland Park Presbyterian, with 6,000 members is the largest in the Presbyterian Church, U.S. (Southern). If COCU can't make it among some of these largest "clumps" in the grass roots, it probably can't make it, they agreed.

The August meeting settled on committees to handle the logistics of the proposed study. Not least important is the committee which will draft the formal report to COCU headquarters. The predominantly white group also learned that at least one local black minister active in his church's COCU delegation felt that same joint-action projects as well as study would be needed as evidence of real intent.

All this time Dick was looking for a model for local study of the plan. An advance copy of the October *Together* article [When Churches Take COCU Seriously, page 22] told him of some pioneering work in neighboring Fort Worth.

Then came the invitation to attend the Denver plenary as a self-paying guest of the United Methodist delegation. And, in Denver, came the call from Dean Joseph Quillian confirming that Perkins School of Theology, just a hefty rock-toss from Dick's church, was inviting COCU's General Secretary Paul Crow to speak at ministers' week in February.

The plan now is to have an extended evening session for Dallas people to hear Dr. Crow. Following that, hopefully, will be four weekly studies of A Plan of Union, using the guide *What Does God Require of Us Now?* published by United Methodism's Abingdon Press.

Then will come the writing and submission of the Dallas report. "We'll seek a consensus report," says Dick, "but anyone will be free to file a minority report."

Concurrent with the city-wide study will be a similar study at Highland Park Church, coordinated by the work area on Christian social concerns and with Dick as liaison between the two studies.

Dick admits that he's an action-type person rather than reflective. In

fact he's already volunteered his professional services to the National Council of Churches when it holds triennial General Assembly in Dallas in December, 1972. Would you believe NCC Nut?—John A. Lovelace

In its Denver plenary the Consultation on Church Union took no action on A Plan of Union. The plan was adopted by the consultation in March 1970 and was referred to member denominations for study and response. United Methodism's General Conference in 1970 received the plan and recommended that it be studied across the denomination and, where possible, interdenominationally.

But in Denver the consultation did adopt an unprecedented Word to the Churches. This "word," to be shared as widely as possible across the churches, reaffirms COCU's "venture of obedience to find a form of church ready to serve and suffer in faithfulness to Christ our Lord."

It also asks member churches to do in two "crucial and interrelated areas":

1. To initiate, participate in, and continue to promote racial justice and compensatory treatment for minorities in the churches and in the nation.

2. To move in the near future to a interim eucharistic fellowship on some regular basis. The message describes the Lord's Supper "as both cause and sign" of unity.

COCU's General Secretary, Dr. Paul Crow, who originally proposed the interim eucharistic fellowship, further suggested that it might be celebrated on World Communion Sunday (1 October), during the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity (in January) and on Pentecost Sunday or some other Sunday in the Pentecost season (spring).

Bishop Paul A. Washburn of Minnesota, who headed United Methodism's delegation to Denver in the absence of Chairman Bishop James H. Mathews, said he sees no problem for United Methodists in either of the basic proposals in A Word to the Churches.

United Methodists maintained their full ten-person voting strength throughout the four-day Denver meeting, though few votes were called for until the final hours. They also caucused twice and, among other things, agreed on a low-profile presentation to the 1972 General Conference on the assumption that the 1970 legislation is sufficient to maintain United Methodist participation in the consultation.—J.A.L.

Films & TV

TO THE persistent question "Is it a good film?" I have finally concluded that the only possible answer a critic can offer is, "It depends."

And what "it depends" on has to do with the biography of the questioner, his age, interests, prior experience in film-viewing, political persuasion, and any number of other subjective factors.

Film makers and distributors know this. Over the past decade they have stopped trying to make pictures for the "general audience" because no such audience exists. Now they aim at specialized sub-audiences, hoping to hit that audience with such impact that others will be attracted to see what all the fuss is about. The audience that will pay reserved-seat prices for **Fiddler on the Roof** is not the same audience that will respond to a motorcycle picture like **Evel Knievel**. This is not to say that one audience is superior to another but simply to indicate the obvious—people have different tastes.

So whether a film is good or not depends on the orientation of the potential viewer and how that meshes with the film under consideration. **McCabe and Mrs. Miller** is not a film I would suggest to the casual filmgoer. It is obtuse, salted with coarse language and, on the surface, highly immoral. But for the serious filmgoer, **McCabe** is essential to understanding the new horizons in cinema. Director Robert Altman (**M.A.S.H.**, **Brewster McCloud**) has taken the traditional Western and shaped it to fit his own vision, probing our past to interpret the weakness of our present. He does this with soft focus, overlapping dialogue, and a plot holding few surprises. Altman's work is important because he communicates a conviction that capitalism is amoral, placing its highest premium on profit, and covering this priority with a religious sanction.

The Go-Between is also a specialized film, definitely not for the action crowd or for the audience that wants its romance wrapped in a **Love Story** package. Directed by Joseph Losey and written by Harold Pinter, **The Go-Between** is an adaptation of L. P. Hartley's 1954 novel about a young boy caught in the middle of a tragic turn-of-the-century love affair. It is a film that resonates at various levels, requiring the viewer to pay careful attention to detail. Through the smallest nuance, Director Losey conveys class snobbery, repressed eroticism, ugly boredom, all constituting the milieu of Hartley's story of the "go-between" boy innocently carrying messages between an aristocratic English lady and her lower-class lover.

Considered on its own terms, **The Go-Between** is a disturbing presentation of man's self-deception and the tragic consequences to which this can lead. It is also a third important film in the Losey-Pinter corpus, after **The Servant** and **Accident**. Losey is a demanding director, requiring his audience to enter the world in which he sets his film, in this case a rambling mansion, the vast yards and farms, the stilted proper behavior of the British upper classes. If you are not prepared to enter this world and consider Losey's vision, then **My Three Sons** is still available.

The African Elephant, on the other hand, is a film



The African Elephant is one film for the entire family.

which should appeal to several different subcultures, again if you are willing to accept it for what it is. Don't expect a Disney-type film where all the animals are made to look like humans, acting out the Disney philosophy which has something to do with work breeds success, honesty pays, and goodness is its own reward. In contrast to this blatant anthropomorphizing, **The African Elephant** is a documentary of a herd of elephants making its way through the bush, seeking safety, food, and, in whatever terms it can be understood, reassurance. Producer William N. Graf made this film with what must have been miles of film shot by 32-year-old Simon Trevor, a former game warden in Africa. You will like it if you respond to documentary portraits of wild creatures in their natural ecological surroundings. Of course, you may never want to go to a zoo again and see elephants confined to small spaces.

—James M. Wall

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

Nov. 24, 8-11:30 p.m., EST on ABC—**South Pacific** will be shown in its entirety.

Nov. 25, 9-12 m., EST on CBS and NBC—Holiday parades to complement the smells of turkey.

Nov. 25, 3-4 p.m., EST on NBC—**Cricket on the Hearth**.

Nov. 26, 9-10 p.m., EST on ABC—**Plimpton: The Great Quarterback Sneak**. George Plimpton does it again—with the Baltimore Colts.

Nov. 26, 10-11 p.m., EST on ABC—**Earthquake**. A news special on the San Andreas fault, past events and future predictions.

Nov. 28, 5-6 p.m., EST on CBS—Animated version of **Treasure Island**.

Dec. 1, 8-8:30 p.m., EST on NBC—**Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day**. A remarkable half hour for Pooh fans.

Dec. 1, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on NBC—**All the Way Home**. Hollmark Hall of Fame presentation starring Joanne Woodward, Pat Hingle, Richard Kiley, and Eileen Heckert.

Dec. 3, 9-10 p.m., EST on ABC—**Santo Claus Is Coming to Town**.

Dec. 4, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on

CBS—**George Harrison and Friends**, including Ringo Starr and Ravi Shankar.

Dec. 5, 8-8:30 p.m., EST on CBS—**A Charlie Brown Christmas**.

Dec. 6, 8-9 p.m., EST on NBC—**Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer**.

Dec. 7, 7:30-8 p.m., EST on CBS—**Haw the Grinch Stole Christmas**.

Dec. 7, 8-8:30 p.m., EST on CBS—**Frosty the Snowman**.

Dec. 7, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EST on CBS—**Julie and Carol at Lincoln Center**. Andrews and Burnett, that is.

Dec. 9, 8-9 p.m., EST on CBS—**Appointment With Destiny Hitler**.

Dec. 10, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on CBS—**The Great Santa Claus Switch**.

Dec. 12, 7:30-9 p.m., EST on NBC—**The Littlest Angel**.

Dec. 14, 7:30-8 p.m., EST on NBC—**The Little Drummer Boy**.

Dec. 14, 8-9 p.m., EST on NBC—**A New Bing Crosby Christmas Show**.

Dec. 17, 8-8:30 p.m., EST on ABC—**The Night the Angels Talked**.

Dec. 19, 7:30-9:30 p.m., EST on CBS—**The Homecoming** starring Patricia Neal. A family special based on the book *Spencer's Mountain*.

Bethlehem, Calvary, and Attica

CHRISTMAS is the day we celebrate the birth in Bethlehem of one who later was accused as an enemy of the state and was executed between two thieves on a cross. Because of his arrest, trial, and condemnation to death, another man, reputed to be a hardened criminal, was set free.

Across the centuries since that day, countless millions of other persons have professed that somehow, through this crucified Man of Calvary so long ago, they have been liberated from the imprisoning guilt of their own wrongdoing.

Compassion for the prisoner runs far back in Christian history. In fact, the Book of Acts tells the story of daring apostles who seemed to spend much of their time in trouble with the authorities and in jail. The much-imprisoned apostle Paul called himself "the prisoner of the Lord." They were, of course, imprisoned for bearing witness to their faith.

This is not to justify criminal acts today or to excuse violators of the law from the consequences of their deeds. But it is to affirm that Christian love and concern penetrate to the darkest prison. Knowing forgiveness himself, the Christian should identify both with jailed and jailer. The good news of Jesus Christ is the potential offer of spiritual liberation extended to every man.

More than a year and a half ago, *Together* editors began to gather information on prisons, Christian ministries to persons in custody, rehabilitation of convicts, and the church's concern for prison reform. We planned at some time to give extensive space in the magazine to this theme. We still hope to do so. But the future never waits.

Meanwhile the volcanic violence of Attica erupted to make this little-known spot a household word overnight. We will be a long time recovering from the shock and horror of the human waste which occurred there.

Unfortunately, too many partisans for "liberation" or for "law and order" have come forward with naive analyses and simplistic solutions. These only serve to confuse rather than to clarify the issues.

For some, all the prisoners are really "beautiful people"—political prisoners, innocent victims of a rapacious evil system which callously deprives them of their liberty and human dignity. Their jailers are the unfeeling instruments of an imperialist state—pigs, mere animals, brutal sadists, unregenerate, beyond salvation.

For others, the prisoners are scum, less than human, the garbage heap of society, worthless creatures with no potential for rehabilitation, offenders who must be made to suffer indefinitely to atone for their crimes. Those who keep the convicts in custody are heroic guardians of the public safety, risking their lives to protect society.

How tragic it is when we dehumanize one group and romanticize another. Obviously, saints and sinners are on both sides of the bars. Certainly, inequities in our soci-

ety do exist which have encouraged crime. Reforms in the social order are essential. At the same time it is sheer romanticism to label convicted murderers, rapists, and other felons as political prisoners. They are persons with deep anger and twisted purposes who have injured society and who need redemption. Prison guards are not beasts—nor are the men they hold in custody. Brutality is equally reprehensible, whether committed by a guard or an inmate. Fanciful views of heroic figures on either side can be ridiculously simplistic.

Certainly the status quo is not acceptable. Prison reform is needed, and desperately so in many places. Federal prison authorities recently toured an eastern state penitentiary and frankly termed it "a complete disaster" and "a custodial nightmare." Escapes there are frequent. Prison violence is largely uncontrolled. Alcohol, drugs, and sexual perversion are open and commonplace. No rehabilitation programs exist. The prison industrial program is charged with graft and corruption. Tragically, such inhuman conditions are not uncommon.

On the other hand, on the very morning of the Attica revolt, six inmates with full support of the institution drove 25 miles from the prison to a construction site where they worked side by side with other carpenters and received standard wages. Many prisons are working at such rehabilitation of convicted men with more effectiveness than ever before. It is possible that the liberalization of parole and such rehabilitative programs contribute to prison unrest by emptying prisons of the more mature and stable inmates, leaving a power vacuum which the more militant and incorrigible prisoners tend to fill. The problem is not simple.

Bishop W. Ralph Ward, of the Syracuse Area of The United Methodist Church in which Attica is located, joined with a Roman Catholic bishop and an Episcopal bishop in a statement of concern. In part it says, "Surely there must be order within a penal institution, as in all our institutions. But this order must always be directed toward rehabilitation, which demands that the humanity of a person be not only respected but nurtured and encouraged. The roots of the chaos in our penal system lie buried deep within society itself."

This is the crux of the matter. As William McNamara in *National Catholic Reporter* put it, "The fact is that error and fear and inhumanity belong to all of us, inside and outside the prison walls. We are all culpable. The blood that flowed and merged and congealed on the ground of Attica belongs to every man. The good thief and the bad thief and Christ are crucified together still."

This Christmas we might well recall in Jesus' parable the profound passage: "I was in prison and you came to me . . . Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me" (Matthew 25:36-40).

—Your Editors



'Organized churches are stuck behind a lot of silly beliefs,' says one of the Jesus People. 'We are not against organized churches, but that's just not our thing. We believe in the Word of God—straight—as it comes from his book, the Bible.'

Jesus' People Speak Out

By MARTHA A. LANE

THERE'S a new voice calling, you can hear it if you try, And it's growing stronger with each day that passes by." These words, from a song popularized by Mama Cass and others, describe a "new world" that is coming. They also summarize well the newest thing in Christianity—how young people are acting and speaking out in Jesus' name more boldly and in greater numbers than they have for years.

The nation's news media have reported with amazed fascination the more spectacular happenings: thousands of chanting, singing youth carry "Uncle Sam: Jesus Wants You" placards in "Jesus marches" and "Jesus rallies" in Chicago, Sacramento, Cincinnati, and Birmingham. Hundreds are baptized in Pacific Ocean services, dozens of others in Pat Boone's swimming pool, and in the reflecting pool near the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. Young people, many of them Roman Catholics, speak in tongues and have other experiences which they recognize as gifts of the Holy Spirit.

"Calling themselves 'Children of God,' 'Jesus' People,' or 'Jesus Freaks,' the young people's religion is of the revivalist, foot-stomping, Bible-toting variety," one news

service summarized. The statement, while usually correct, does not indicate the diverseness of groups involved in the so-called Jesus Movement. And while some do seem to glory in being called "Jesus Freaks," many others ask to be called "simply Christians."

The young evangelists' modes of operation are diverse: street evangelism, campus evangelism, opening their homes and giving to people in need, sponsoring all kinds of demonstrations, musical events, communes, coffee-houses, and Bible studies.

There are Jews for Jesus, Christian Surfers (in California, of course), and Christ's Patrol. The latter, a ministry to motorcycle gangs, began about three years ago in Cleveland and reportedly has branches in 25 cities. Fort Worth, Texas, headquarters the Fellowship of Christian Composers, which mails out monthly lists of "heavy God-songs" and tells young people to write or call local disc jockeys to request spiritually oriented songs.

Of the estimated 2,000 to 3,000 communes in the United States, about 600 are Christian communities. These seem typical:

In October, 1970, a Los Angeles businessman made

his Bellingham, Wash., estate available to a group of young Christians. About 20 now live at Canaan, as they call it, but outsiders often join the group for special activities. A recent Bible study, for example, drew 45. Canaanites work at various jobs to pay their bills, including a service station and a Christian bookstore.

"The kids are clean-cut and cheerful," a visitor for Saturday-night dinner and fellowship recently wrote. "The lawn and garden are neatly kept. The fellows and girls live in separate areas of the house. They came here to learn of the Lord, and he is the topic of conversation and study from 7 a.m. until they retire, around 10 p.m.

"The fellowship began with quiet prayer, singing, and

Wednesday and Friday-night Bible studies. These sessions, too, are intense and very long but no one seems to mind. Parents, however, seem shocked by the group's rigid life-style. "When I became a Christian, my parents wanted me committed to an insane asylum," one youth said. "They were embarrassed. What they wanted me to be was a once-a-week Christian. A lot of us have trouble like that."

One characteristic of the Jesus Movement is its vigorous evangelical press. Most Jesus papers are tabloid, loosely organized, distributed free in quantities, and dependent on individual subscribers, friendly typesetters, and contributions of Christian friends to pay the bills. Sometimes



finally burst into a rousing 'dance in the Spirit.' There were messages in tongues and interpretations and then Bible study. Many denominations were represented. Most present were college age or younger. It lasted until nearly midnight."

The 23rd Psalm is a renovated old house on 17th Avenue, South, in Nashville, Tenn. About 20 "brothers and sisters" live here, abiding by very strict rules: no profanity, no sexual relations before marriage, no short dresses or makeup for the girls, anyone leaving the house for any reason must obtain permission from an "elder."

Unlike Canaan, no one at this house does any work except "the Lord's work." The commune's bills are met by its founders, a group of businessmen who wanted to do something to bring mixed-up young people to Christ. College students, even older neighbors, often attend the

bumper stickers, buttons, and other Christian art objects are sold to help pay printing costs.

Higher Ground, produced by high-school students in Bloomington, Minn., is a paper published "by Christian students on a faith basis, with Jesus Christ as executive editor." Some 25 to 30 high-school students around Bloomington are contributors. The last press run was 5,000 copies. It is often handed out in schools.

Hollywood Free Paper, one of several California-based papers, is published twice a month by "the Jesus People" in Hollywood and reprinted in Detroit, Cleveland, Kansas City, Denver, Worcester, Mass., Morrison, Ill., and

Raleigh, N.C. It claims a 300,000 plus circulation and is distributed in 50 states and 12 foreign countries.

Maranatha Free Press, with about 10,000 circulation, is headquartered in Vancouver, British Columbia. "At present there are six of us here sharing the work load of running a paper and personal witness to Jesus with those we come in contact with," explains a staff-signed newsletter. "'Maranatha' is not an organization. There's no sponsorship and our only source of finances is from those who receive the paper."

Reportedly there are several dozen such papers. They feature personal testimonies, news of local Christian groups and upcoming meetings, Scripture portions, and lists of communes and coffeehouses.

While Jesus Movement people generally think the established church has "blown it," some of them do participate in local congregations—when they can find ones that will accept them. They often participate in local revivals. Last May in Greensburg, Ky., for example, the United Methodist Church scheduled a week of youth meetings led by a seminarian. The meetings stretched to two weeks and saw nearly 350 professions of faith, mostly by teens.

Arnold, Nebr., had a similar revival last year and is still feeling the results. Ten persons are reported en route to mission fields or other full-time Christian service, with more to follow, and 13 lay-led Bible-study groups are still going strong.

Jesus followers living in communes usually are more dissatisfied with established churches. "Organized churches are stuck behind a lot of silly beliefs, stuck behind a lot of doctrines," says Francisco Patino, one of the Jesus People in Nashville. "We are not against organized churches, but that's just not our thing. We believe in the Word of God—straight—as it comes from his book, the Bible."

No report of the Jesus Movement is complete without mention of the Christian World Liberation Front (CWLF), "a nondenominational organization dedicated to help Christians use their creative talents and abilities in bringing the gospel to the changing youth culture of America."

CWLF started about two years ago when Jack Sparks, former teacher and then writer of Bible correspondence courses for Campus Crusade for Christ, moved to Berkeley to evangelize the "turned-on" generation. He began by inviting youth off the streets into his private home for worship services. Then he let problem youth stay at his house. Today CWLF continues to concentrate on the problems of Berkeley. Its membership is students—some are former members of SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) and former drug addicts. Others are former Campus Crusade for Christ staffers. Many are "straight," others are "far out hip."

CWLF prints and distributes *Right On!* (circulation 65,000), one of the best-looking Jesus papers; a newsletter; and numerous types of literature including *Letters to the Street Christians*. The latter is a paraphrase of some of the biblical Epistles. For example: "God's love can take anything that's thrown at it; it never stops trusting and never gives up hope; it just never quits. In fact, man, when everything else is smashed, God's love still stands. . . ." (Check that against 1 Corinthians 13:7-8 in your New Testament.)

Other CWLF efforts include sponsoring Christian

speakers on the Berkeley campus, handing out literature and witnessing at antiwar demonstrations, conducting workshops on how to reach youth caught up in the drug and radical scenes, and daily street witnessing and Bible-study sessions.

The group also has set up a "hot line" which teens can call for all kinds of help. Several "Christian homes" (others call them communes) are maintained for new Christians to live in while being instructed in the faith.

CWLF has a ranch in the Barberville area on the north California Coast from which the members minister to young people in scores of California communes.

CWLF is deeply concerned about the non-Christian atmosphere of the University of California at Berkeley. To provide some Christian influence CWLF worked to get some of its members elected to the student senate, and has proposed the university include a Christian-studies program in its course offerings.

The Jesus Movement has been active overseas, too. In Australia this year the Methodist Church sponsored a Jesus pop festival on a 67-acre site it owns near Sydney. A tent city—complete with showers, rest rooms, food shops, a pharmacy, and parking lot—was set up. Some 3,500 enjoyed music, films, and rap sessions. Many decisions for Christ were made at the festival.

And in Taizé, France, home of a Protestant religious community, 6,500 youth from 40 countries gathered last Easter to consider their own Christian living and to learn to share Christ with others. As a result, cell groups have sprung up around the globe and many young people this summer crisscrossed continents to witness to members of their own generation.

Reactions to the Jesus Movement probably can best be summarized as guardedly optimistic. A National Council of Churches official, for example, calls it "a widespread, grass-roots, evangelical, nonchurch something out there that's reaching a lot of people." And from one United Methodist editor came the comment that the growth of the Jesus People groups means "that the church has



not ministered to them and/or that the church is not ministering as vigorously for Christ as should be the fact."

For at least one United Methodist pastor, attempting to provide such a ministry has been a stimulating, if sometimes unsettling, experience. In a highly personal style, he reflects on his relationship with these young evangelicals in the article which follows. □

'Six months acquaintance with two of the Jesus People is the source of these reflections,' the author reports. 'These amazing people have become an integral part of my traditional suburban church.'

Jesus Freak, Will You Teach Us...?

By DAVID FOLLANSBEE

THE PRINCIPAL'S secretary sent you to me originally. You were looking, you said, for a Christian in our town. Looking at you then I knew I wasn't Christian enough for you. But over lunch at the diner, I began to realize you were more tolerant than your messianic beard made you appear. We are still friends. Those who have no understanding of you may benefit from this suggestion where you are and may yet be.

We talked today of my wife's sermon during Lent. You did not like it. In fact you treated her with some amused condescension. For, you said, the apostle Paul ordered women away from the pulpit, "Let them ask their husbands if they wish to understand the faith." You have accepted Paul literally.

I am embarrassed for, by implication, I believe less truly than you. And in fact that is the case. But I have read both the Old and New Testaments and have found Deborah, and Mary, and the Samaritan woman, feminine preachers and witnesses, poets, and judges. Yet you do embarrass me. I must remind you that Paul was perhaps referring to the performance of women in the sexual mystery cults and seeking to divorce his faith from the taint of false accusation of feminine domination. Just as,

I say, he cautioned against the use of tongues.

But you don't budge in your opinion. Your face is set in its most Jesuslike expression. My face, I know, is tired. There are great bureaucratic bags under my eyes. Yours are unlined. You slept long and well this morning while I batted out letters and petitions and baby-sat the church phone. And I am jealous of you. For you have a spirit, and you are rested.

Still, I wonder if the Scriptures are not too free to you. You are so quick to grab a passage and run with it, confident you know all its meanings and implications. While I, with some knowledge of the Greek and more of history, am not very sure. Perhaps we need a Talmud, as the Jews have. Something to guide us like an intermediate writing, well respected and containing the opinions of the sages of the past: a semicanonical compilation of Augustine's and Luther's and Wesley's and Aquinas's and Tillich's thoughts on key passages.

Could it be that all our sectarianism is due not so much to our free access to the Scripture as to our well-known arrogance toward Scripture? Like children experimenting with sex, each thinks he has discovered the words and the act, and surely no one of wisdom has ever been down this trail before . . . How shall we write a Talmud for the Jesus People and the sects yet to come? Somewhere there must be a scholar who has a doctoral thesis to write. May I suggest a Talmud? Or next best, a Mishnah?

All the people are asking me about your hair. I don't mention it to you because I want to be cool. I don't particularly like it either, chiefly, I think, because you look so much like the Jesus in the mural behind me when I preach. How does one argue with you when you look like the Lord? Is it true that you wear your hair this way to imitate him?

Why not? If others are redactions of Custer and D'Artagnan, why shouldn't you imitate your hero? Still, the humor of a college boy imitating Mephistopheles with his vandyke, and your sincere imitation are in contrast, not necessarily in your favor.

At the moment, at least, I have a pretty good idea you would die for your right to live the faith as you see it. And you would probably die with the same smile you give me when I suggest that Pauline passage about women is not to be taken literally in 1971.

My life-style bothers you. There is the boat, my temper with my children, my worry about the future, the hours spent in committee meetings, the tired and un-Christlike, sociological trend of my sermons.

Your life-style intrigues me. You have time to read the Bible. In my busy life I can only envy that. Maybe I could find more time. But could I with the same elan pull out the worn Bible from my suit jacket as you pull that enormous text from the pocket of your blue denims? Of course I find fault with you in my jealousy. It is true you are not all things to all men. Much of your former style of life stubbornly adheres. The jargon shows through, and the impatience with the older generation. Is there not a certain tension when you are with your father? But who is any Christian to criticize this? If anyone can put on the mind of Christ and succeed, then all of us must be liable to the judgment. Fortunately even Paul confessed that he had not yet arrived.

What I do like, though the Spirit talk troubles me, are your political opinions. You are against the war and

you are for civil rights. You share my opinions of the bureaucracy, creeping totalitarianism, scientific arrogance, industrial waste, and incompetence. You agree that the future is pretty hopeless.

However, while I look with pessimism to my grandchildren's time, you really don't care. You lightheartedly consign it all to the Day of Judgment.

I don't expect to find you on a mountaintop in a sheet waiting the Lord's coming on December 31, 1999. But you seem to be wearing that white sheet invisibly over your denims every day. Your motivation is "the Kingdom." I wonder how long it will last when the Kingdom does not come. Then again, the terrible day might come. Mr. Nixon, Mr. Brezhnev, and Mr. Mao could say the word any day, dispatching their fiery darts, their flaming swords, to accomplish the Day of the Lord. So, your prediction may prove true. I hope not.

I am committed to the Kingdom within while you look to the Kingdom without. No, that's not right. I look to the Kingdom coming from organization, and you look to the Kingdom that enters with the Spirit from within. I like the World Council of Churches and Medicare; you are suspicious of all human achievements. Yet, you accept the literal teaching of the very human elders who baptized you last year in the rude Pacific.

Now those fundamentalist evangelists are a sore spot to me. Churches have had coffeehouses and talked and counseled and brought in psychiatrists. Yet drugs increase and few hippies ever visit a church except disguised sometimes at weddings and funerals—looking then somewhat uncomfortable in their outgrown suits and new long hair. But that small group of people in Boulder, who did not even want you hippies, reached you by accident when some of you simply wandered in. Why did you wander in? Were you hungry? Were you bored? Did the Spirit finally grow impatient?

"Since you have not been my people, but have laid heavy debts on their backs, I will raise up my disciples from these the stoned generation." For the rolling and wandering stoned have risen up, and found the Spirit good. You said the girl was authentic in a documentary who told an unbelieving square:

"I'll level with you. I've been on drugs for 12 years, since I was 11. And I've had every high there is from every drug and sensation there is. But when the Spirit came into me, that was a high that you wouldn't believe. It was the greatest, and you haven't lived till you have been there."

"Is that how it is?" I asked, and you all said, "Yes." Now I am the nurtured Christian, the organizationally born and reborn. But you have known the sky to fall, the earth to spin, and have been among the stars and the angels. You are the existentialists, celebrating life, and investigating all its forms. And I am the weary conservative, watching and not even believing what you are saying could happen—at least not till I met you.

But your enemies say you are copping out. Your Berkeley revolutionaries, who spit in your face that day, claim you were so hopeless about the world that you left it. It has not been enough for you, they say, to be a struggling human; you must be Jesus or, at least, an angel. You are running away. You don't say so. Peace begins in each person, not in marches, you say. You want peace, too—peace that passes understanding as

well as that peace which is represented by the dove.

Are you running away with Jesus? Would you have stayed with him in Palestine when he became political, upset the moneychangers, gave advice about taxes (he could have avoided the question), and advised different laws and differing bureaucracies? Would you have approved of him then? Or would you say that he was misinterpreted, or truly human and could not know everything? But in whatever you say, you now accept literally what the several Gospel writers understood, and Paul intuitively described.

Are you, like Existentialists, to be accused by Harvey Cox of being the last child of a dying culture, the child of her senility? You are still doing your own thing . . . here so far from where the action is, now that you are in our suburban town.

Maybe you think that where our stone churches are is where the action will be. Are you a missionary from the Jesus People, the people from the stones, who are come to prepare the way of the Lord, make his way straight in our sterile land? Or are you deluded, on the middle step of a journey from drugs to somewhere else? You may turn on to another high tomorrow. Possibly you may look back on these days, as agnostic Tom Paine looked back on his Methodist-preacher days, with astonishment and revulsion. Where will you go next?

Or will you be tamed by the church like Saint Francis? Will we seize you with a thousand tiny chains like Lilliputians domesticating a Gulliver, till you are bound to creed and custom . . . too busy to reach into that cavernous pocket for your red-line Bible? Will you be domesticated, so weary in well-doing that you no longer look like Jesus but most resemble that tired functionary, the minister next door, with his ulcer, his incipient heart attack, his Christmas and Easter depressions? Bound and delivered to the altar, will you become a legend whose exploits enliven a few pages in the history of religion in America?

No one could have predicted you: fundamentalist, literalist, mystic, radical, Holy Roller that you are. No one could have predicted your cool costume, your quiet look, your I've-been-everywhere expression.

No one today can predict where you are going. But then, are there any other prophets in the church these days? Existentialist Jesus Freak, still doing your thing, will you teach us to concentrate on what is important and eternal and release us to live rather than merely to exist for a conference or a board or an agency or an income?

Still I would venture that you are the triumph of existentialism in the church. You are the model for a more adventurous search for experiences with the highest and most exciting Spirit. A weary church will find new life in your mold, and the mind of Christ will be remembered once more. If you will hang on to your social opinions, you may yet effectively change this world, as your predecessors of Haight-Ashbury once dreamed. And if you do so, having infiltrated the most conservative bastion of reaction, the Protestant church, you may be, if not Elijah reborn, then at least a Francis Asbury, a John Wesley, or a Saint Francis reborn among us.

On the other hand you and I may reject each other. You the sect, and I the church, and Christ still knocking at both doors. □



Some Christmas Cards I Can Never Send

By LOUISE LEE OUTLAW

HERE I AM sending out my Christmas cards again, affixing my signature beneath 200 coy Santas climbing out of 200 cozy fireplaces. Every relative, friend, and casual acquaintance will be getting a greeting from me in the mail this week.

But now, as every year, I am confronted with a sad fact—I won't be able to send cards to some of the dearest people I've ever run into.

Because I don't know where those people live.

I don't even know their names.

All I know are their faces. Special faces, pasted in an invisible album.

The ginger-haired intern, for instance—a pudgy man, freckled, his hair short and bristly like a teddy bear's. I was standing outside the operating room. Beyond those bland and terrifying doors my six-year-old was undergoing serious surgery. Doctors and nurses crepe-soled by. Half a dozen times I said, "Could you tell me if a little boy with blond hair is in the recovery room yet?"

"Your doctor will let you know," they kept replying.

I knew I shouldn't be bothering them. They were intensely busy and their lives were full of little boys being operated on. But for me there was just one little boy, and I'd been waiting three hours. Suddenly I couldn't wait another second.

That was when I grabbed the arm of the ginger-haired intern. "Please, please, could you look in the recovery room and tell me if there's a little boy in there?"

I remember the man's eyes, green-flecked. In the brief moment they met mine they seemed to understand that even in a place where anguish grew like spores, it was none the less anguish.

"Wait a minute," he said, and disappeared through the swinging doors. He came back quickly. "Your fellow's fine—just sleeping it off." Then he made a quick, clumsily reassuring, infinitely gentle motion with his hand. "Don't worry—you'll dance at his wedding."

Does he know, can he guess, that long-ago ginger-haired archangel, how much I'd like to send him a Christmas card?

Then there was the man in the Scotch-plaid muffler. He got out of

his car one day when my car was imprisoned in an icy rut on a lonely road. I had spent 15 exasperating minutes spinning my tires without result.

"Here, let me in," the man in the muffler said. He opened the car door—then caught my hesitation, my quick glance at the deserted road. "I'm parked over there," he said, pointing—"my little girl's with me."

He got in my car, rocked it back and forth. The tires whined futilely. "I'll have to give you a push with my car," he said. "Just get back behind the wheel and keep your motor running."

It worked. In a few minutes I was free. As I cautiously drove past him, I called out my thanks.

That was when the pale little girl in the back seat cried out at me, "I just had a tooth pulled!" and opened a blood-stained mouth to prove it. "I had gas!"

I thought about that all the way home—wondering why a man with a wan little girl, just out of anesthesia, would stop and help a stranger and run the risk of getting stuck himself. He had every sensible reason to hurry home and let me look for help from somebody else.

If I knew his name, he'd have a very special Christmas card coming his way.

The motherly lady with the purple plastic grapes on her hat should also be on my Christmas list.

I was shopping at a department store when I realized I was going to miss my train home, and I hurried to the nearest escalator.

And froze.

Ever since the day I had gotten a high heel caught in an escalator and narrowly escaped a frightful fall, I remained a dreadful coward about moving stairs.

As I stood there, the short round lady with the grapes circling her yellow-white hair said: "Don't you feel well?"

"Oh—Oh—" I stammered. "You'd better go on ahead. I'm afraid of escalators."

She stood considering me. "But don't you see, my dear," she said, "you have to get on. If you don't, you'll be running away all your life." She took my arm.

"Go on—take a step—I'll be right here with you."

I did. And she was right there with me, matter-of-fact kindness aureoling her face.

I still feel graced by the memory of that lady.

And by the nameless woman who sat on a beach long, long ago, and took time from her crossword puzzle to notice a self-conscious 12-year-old.

In my bathing suit, I looked like a foam-rubber pillow on stilts. The other girls on the beach were older and had indentations. I watched them romp and squeal for the male bathers, and I huddled deeper into my voluminous beach robe.

The lady doing the crossword puzzle called out, "Honey, you ought to get a little sun. Take your robe off. Come on."

Shakily I obeyed.

"You know," she said, "you have a beautiful back."

It dizzied me. It was my first authentic compliment. "A really beautiful back," the lady said the next day. And after a while I was able to get up and walk around in my bathing suit, in full view of everybody.

Such a little gift, such a little tremendous gift. . . . I wish I could let that lady know I want her Christmas to be merry.

And the boy in the peacock-blue swim trunks. When I was 13 and vacationing in the mountains, he swam to the small raft I swam to every day. He had hair like black vinyl, and must have been 19. I loved him terribly.

I didn't talk to him, of course. But every day when he saw me, he said, "Hi, Cleopatra." He didn't say it like a joke. He said it gently, and it warmed me like cocoa on a cold morning.

On the last day of the two-week vacation he swam out to the raft, but this time he was with a girl. A grown-up girl, with makeup.

I crouched on the raft, my face hidden in my crossed arms, and watched them bobbing up and down all around me, marvelously together. "Today's my last day," I heard my dark-haired love say. "Don't make me cry," the girl said, laughing.

They swam to the shore.

And then all at once he turned back—left the girl and swam right up to me, right next to my toes. "Good-bye, Cleopatra," he said

softly. "See you next year maybe."

So I still love him, and I wish I could send him a card with turtle doves and maids-in-waiting.

And once I was a young WAC lieutenant with five days leave. It wasn't much time to get from New York to California and back, but I had to do it—my husband was going to be shipped to the Pacific, and it would be the last time we'd have together.

The only trouble was priorities. Priorities meant that if a higher-ranking officer needed to board an already full plane, a lesser-ranking officer had to be put off. Since nobody was lesser ranking than a WAC second lieutenant, I was bumped in half a dozen cities and

left to while away precious hours in strange airports.

A day and a half of my five days were gone by the time I reached Kansas City. And there it happened again. I had just fastened my seat belt when I was told a lieutenant colonel needed my seat.

That was when I did a very unmilitary thing. I cried. In between sobs, I must have dribbled out my story because all at once the lieutenant colonel was patting my shoulder and saying, "Okay, Lieutenant, it's all right." He had a coarse-textured face, but the slight bowing movement he made as he gave me back my seat was as graceful as Nureyev.

I've owed him a Christmas card

for twenty-three years.

And there are others—dear people, whose names I never got to know.

But then, they didn't know my name, either. The things they did for me they would have done for anybody, I believe.

And so I still think of them.

Particularly when I go over my Christmas list.

After all, it's because of a special Person who also loved His neighbor that we ever started writing Christmas cards. □

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—Your Editors

AT THE daily morning muster for work on a tea estate in the hills of Ceylon, Meenakshi had listened for the very first time to the wonderful news of Christmas as I told it in Tamil song and story. Afterward, rather puzzled, she accosted me as I walked home to breakfast along the railroad track.

"*Durai* (Sir)," she said shyly, "the news you told us this morning is very good. But about one thing I am not satisfied. It doesn't seem right that the baby Jesus should have been born in a dirty cowshed."

"Where do you think he should have been born then, *Ammal* (woman)?" I asked.

"You told us, *Durai*, that he was the Son of God. A temple would be a more fitting birthplace for such a one. You said, too, that he was a king. Kings are born in palaces, never in stables. So tell me, please, why was he born in a cattle shed?"

I thought carefully before I answered. "If he had been born in a king's palace, could you or I or the shepherds have visited him?"

"Oh, no, *Durai*. Certainly neither I nor they—nor even you," she added.

"And if he had come to a temple, like a god, I—a mere preacher—should not have been allowed to see him," I said. "Would you?"

"In some temples perhaps," she answered, "but not if he had come to one of the others."

"He would never have done that. But a cowshed—who would keep you

Christmas Comes to Meenakshi

By Eric L. Robinson

out of a cowshed?" I questioned.

"No one," she replied with a delightful smile. "No one would stop me—or anyone else—from taking their gifts to him there. I see now why he came so humbly."

"There are other reasons why the Christ child came into the world so simply, *Ammal*," I continued. "You understood the songs I sang and the tales I told about the shepherds and the Wise Men this morning, didn't you?"

"Yes, and even a child would understand," she replied.

"And that was surely God's idea," I explained, "to make it possible even for unschooled shepherds to understand. Most of us ordinary folk can't take in much theology or

philosophy, but we all like stories. So when God wanted to show us what he is like, he did it in a way simple enough both for the wisest and the least learned among us to understand."

As Meenakshi eased her basket onto her back and walked off to join her fellow tea-pluckers, I started on down the railroad tracks, singing again to myself the lovely Tamil carol which I had sung to Meenakshi and her companions at muster.

It has been more than 13 years since I left Ceylon and came to be a pastor in the United States. I feel certain, however, that this carol is being sung all over Ceylon and South India again this Christmas.

I still remember it well myself:

"O, my soul, let us worship the One who is born in Bethlehem.

"Here He lays his head on the breast of his lowly mother—He who is the all-powerful creator of everything.

"Here lies the Son of God in a rough stable, who once sat upon the heavenly throne.

"As the prophets foretold, so it has come to pass: He has left heaven for the lowly manger.

"The One who was filled with joy as he listened to the glorious songs of the angels, lies and cries, amidst the mooing of cows and the bleating of sheep and goats.

"O, my soul, let us run to Bethlehem to praise Him, who has shown his love to us so wonderfully." □



Thanks to God- And Steve Johnson

By C. MAXWELL BROWN

"TODAY, AGAIN, we are all guests of God and Steve Johnson," announced disc jockey Rick Allen. "Let us stand for the invocation." He glanced in my direction. I do not recall just what I said in that prayer at the Christmas party. I do remember some moments of indecision. Whom should we thank for the party, God or Steve Johnson? I decided both deserved credit, so both were included.

North Junior High gymnasium in Moorhead, Minn., was crammed with more than 400 people. Children predominated, mostly the handicapped of the Fargo-Moorhead community. There were the hydrocephalics, the physically deformed on crutches. Some wore thick glasses, others hearing aids. A few faces indicated mental handicaps. And also present were the poor children of the area, youngsters for whom Christmas could be a time of devastating disappointment following our commercially induced fever of high expectations.

If the celebrants were extraordinary, the program was equally so. As the curtain was drawn, we saw the stage filled with professional entertainers. The music was delightful and varied—a Western band, a barbershop quartet, a children's choir. Dr. Robert Olson, professor of vocal music at North Dakota State University, gave us *O Holy Night* with a warmth and beauty that left no doubt we were celebrating a truly sacred event. Jack Sand, magician, pulled Christmas presents out of his hat.

Piled to stage-floor level were gifts, at least one for every child: toys, sleds, bicycles, tricycles, gifts of all descriptions. These were contributions from local merchants, all freely given, toys and talents alike, in response to the appeal of Steve Johnson—and God.

And who is this Steve Johnson? He first stepped into my office at First Methodist Church in Fargo some 15 years ago. He was not very impressive to meet. A bit

over five feet in height, he stood on totally collapsed arches. He told me he was on his way home to Wisconsin by bus from Fort Lewis, Wash., and was temporarily stranded in our city by a blizzard. He said he had no money. Could we give him some work to do?

As we visited, Steve's story unfolded. He was from a very poor family. His school record, unimpressive, had included 2 1/2 years in a special school for the underprivileged and those needing correctional discipline. His schooling had ended at the tenth grade and was followed by a hitch in the army. Through all the details of his story, I heard no hint of self-pity, only a desire to stand on his own crippled feet.

Since our Women's Society of Christian Service had provided me with a "discretionary fund," I gave Steve a job helping our overworked custodian clear sidewalks and parking areas of snow.

Steve came to worship the following Sunday, and afterward he told me he was looking for more work. Could we help him find it? He had had some army duty as an orderly and we located a job for him in a Fargo hospital.

Sunday morning found Steve sitting regularly in one of the back pews of the church, and on one of those days he took his vows on confession of faith and became a member of First Methodist Church.

Not long afterward he proudly introduced Delores, a girl from a small neighboring community, and soon she and Steve exchanged vows before the altar in our church chapel. Then our paths separated for a time with my departure to a distant parish. In the interim, Steve and Delores moved across the Red River to Moorhead.

Four children were born at regular intervals. With them came years of mixed joy and suffering. Steve required surgery for three ailments. Delores was saved from permanent blindness by skilled medical service. Ronald was

born with a defective digestive tract. Pamela and Debbie suffered bouts of pneumonia. Jeffry was born with a respiratory ailment, requiring removal of his tonsils and adenoids. Crushing medical expenses added an impossible burden to this family living on a small income.

But these days also demonstrated the quality of human concern in Fargo and Moorhead, twin cities with many churches and excellent institutions of higher education.

Steve and Delores speak with deep affection of their pastor, Jim Henderson, whose church they joined upon moving to Moorhead; of schoolteachers whose concern was always more than academic. Someone always seemed to know when to help with food or money.

Steve moved from his job as a hospital orderly to that of cook in a local pizza shop. He enrolled for a six months course in culinary art, improved his skill, and found work in local restaurants.

A real-estate man arranged a loan for the couple to purchase a small dwelling. It is hardly adequate for shelter and privacy, measuring about 24 by 20 feet, but owning it gave them a sense of personal pride and security.

"We can't afford a car yet," said Steve. "When we get some more medical bills paid, maybe then . . ." (He rides two miles to his work at 4 a.m. with the friendly driver of a bread delivery truck and walks home after work.)

When I asked Steve and Delores what prompted them to sponsor a Christmas program for the underprivileged children of the community, Delores replied: "It has been awfully hard for us during these past years, but people have been so good to us. Someone would always come to the rescue. We are reminded how fortunate we are when we consider those kids who have to live with physical handicaps all their lives. So we want to show our gratitude to folks in these communities for what they have done for us. We can't do anything for most of them, for they are much better off than we are. But by doing something for the underprivileged and handicapped children we can say thank you to all who have helped us."

"And," Steve added, "we can't do much alone, but the people who help with the program are so willing once they see the need. The musicians, the merchants, the school officials who provide us the building free, the Christmas-tree salesmen all seem glad to help when I ask for what they have to give."

Today Steve is assistant chef at the restaurant where the local Kiwanis Club meets. Last year on the Monday following the Christmas party on Sunday, I related Steve's story to the club members and asked if I might present Steve for a moment of recognition. When he walked into the room in chef's cap and soiled apron, the group of business and professional men stood without prompting in an ovation for a little recognized member of their community. They seemed to sense that what had happened at the Christmas party was something extraordinary, perhaps a bit miraculous that afternoon when God and Steve Johnson collaborated to bring some joy to the world.

On second thought, that is what Christmas is all about, isn't it? The Incarnation—God expressing himself through human hearts and hands and feet. No doubt about it. We at that Christmas party were guests of God and Steve Johnson. □

**Traditional themes
and some surprises
from young artists.**

Christmas

AND THE CHILDREN

◆ Last December an announcement on *Together's* Small Fry pages invited readers no older than ten to take crayons and draw us some pictures that would tell us what they liked best about Christmas. More than 600 of them did. The youngest artist was only three years old.

Some of the work they shared with us is presented on the following pages. It represents themes that kept recurring in picture after picture—manger scenes, angels, shepherds, Wise Men, carolers, snowmen, Christmas trees, Santa Claus, and, of course, presents to give, presents to get. Even theologians might be surprised to know how often the cross appeared. Grandparents will be gratified to know that we found them in many drawings. The television industry no doubt will be enchanted to hear that children who chose contemporary themes almost invariably put TV sets in their drawings. Two boys drew pictures of televised football games.

Some of the drawings were remarkably sophisticated. Others were scribbles. Many were sent by church-school teachers who had turned the invitation into class projects, and often these indicated that children in some United Methodist Church schools have the inspiration of very good art teachers.—*Helen Johnson*



▲ Sherri Moore, ten, Chapel Hill, North Carolina
Carrboro United Methodist Church

"Christmas means the time of giving thanks
 to God and helping people and being kind."

Mark Long, five, Lewisville, Texas ►
First United Methodist Church

"I like it when we put up our tree
 and I get presents."





▲ Steven Salsman, seven, Hodgenville, Kentucky. *Hodgenville United Methodist Church*
 "I like Christmas because it is the birthday of Jesus."



◀ Allen Jacobson, eight
 Clay Center, Nebraska
Clay Center United Methodist Church

"Christmas is nice bec
 we have snow then
 to make snowmen.
 Trees look pretty in the
 snow with lights."

Sue Dodillet, seven ►
Dixon, Illinois
*First United
Methodist Church*

"She is singing a
Christmas carol."



Lisa Dawn Greenhalgh, six, Beatrice, Nebraska. *Centenary United Methodist Church*
"I like Santa Claus, Christmas trees, and Baby Jesus."





▲
Todd Albert, nine
Bangor, Pennsylvania
*First United
Methodist Church*

"Christmas is the only
time of the year when
we worship Jesus as a
child, and that makes
him part of my world."



◀ Sandra Marie Goltz, six
Plainfield, Indiana
*Plainfield United
Methodist Church*

"This is Baby Jesus. When he was
born, it was night and the star
was shining. Christmas means
Baby Jesus' birthday."



Jan Argabrite, seven
Norfolk, Virginia
Orview Memorial
United Methodist Church

"Jesus was born in a stable,
and the star shone brightly."



Michelle Bernier, seven ►
Norman, Oklahoma
McFarlin Memorial
United Methodist Church

People singing in
church on the Sunday
before Christmas.



▲ Bobby Daryl Talcott, seven, Rockford, Illinois, now of Calamus, Iowa. *First Wesleyan Church, Rockford.*
 "I like Grandma and Grandpa to come."

▼ Margaret Cleveland, ten, Fairfax, Missouri. *Fairfax United Methodist Church*
 "The Three Kings brought a gift to Jesus, and we get gifts at Christmas to remember Jesus by."





▲ Carol Leland, ten, Las Vegas, Nevada. *Griffith United Methodist Church*

"The thing I especially like about Christmas is singing Christmas carols and trimming the Christmas tree. I like the best to give presents to other people."

▼ Barbara Joan Larson, nine, Elgin, Iowa. *East Clermont Lutheran Church*

"I like Christmas because it means the coming of the Lord."





▲ Tim Norris, seven, Downers Grove, Illinois. *First United Methodist Church*
When Jesus was born.

▼ Rebecca Harp, six, Jacksonville, Florida. *Avondale United Methodist Church* "My pictures all tell about Baby Jesus and this is what I like most about Christmas. I was an angel in a pageant at my church last year."



When the White House Conference on Aging meets in Washington, D.C., from November 28 through December 3, a sizable number of United Methodists will be among leaders and delegates from 50 states and 5 territories.

At the last White House Conference, in 1961, religious groups were urged to take a more active role in the life of the aged. Churches, it was suggested, should lead in establishing community services to help individuals adjust to and meet the problems of old age.

During the past ten years a number of churches have shown increased interest in the lives of the elderly in their respective communities.

Prominent among them is Glide Memorial United Methodist Church in San Francisco, with its energetic minister-to-older-persons, Edward Peet, author of this article and a delegate to the 1971 White House Conference on Aging. The white-haired, 69-year-old minister has devoted much of his time to helping the elderly organize into pressure groups. Just how effective the program has been is outlined in Mr. Peet's article.

A Church Wakes Up to Senior Power

By EDWARD L. PEET

AMERICA'S elderly need a new image. They no longer can be symbolized by Whistler's mother in her rocking chair, the town crank leaning on his cane, or the withered, dying patient in a nursing home.

Most retired people are healthy, optimistic, and as normal as ever. One American in every ten is 65 years or older. Our senior citizens vote in heavier proportions than others; they possess impressive buying power—\$60 billion a year. "Senior Power" buttons are breaking out all over, especially in Massachusetts, California, and Florida.

Retired people, as we have learned at Glide Memorial United Methodist Church in San Francisco, can be militant. Just before the last election of California's Governor Ronald Reagan, a party of 20 Glide people and their friends picketed across the street from the hotel where he was being honored. They were protesting what they believed to be the governor's neglect of the aged.

It was the first demonstration ever

for one 80-year-old who said she was ready to be arrested for her convictions. This is the new image we oldsters espouse!

I came to the Glide staff in semi-retirement four years ago as minister-to-older-persons in a "rock and roll" congregation of 2,000 people, mostly young. My "second education" has been considerable. Promptly I learned that the inner city's 10,000 seniors are content to be downtown where the action is. I visited the hotels and began conducting religious services in residential places.

The Glide program for older persons now includes a weekly luncheon with a lecturer provided by the city's board of adult education, monthly tours into the countryside, a podiatry clinic, a cancer-screening clinic, and daily food services to the homebound called "meals on wheels." In addition, paraprofessional legal counsel is available as are information on and referral to various services available to the elderly.

At our Senior Involvement Center, it is our belief that retirees need to





"A political force so powerful . . . that no candidate for public office dare ignore it"—that's Senior Power symbolized by oldsters attending a legislative conference at Sacramento, Calif.

be challenged. Churches tend to be patronizing, playing "Lady Bountiful" with tender loving care. This is out of date in any ministry to black people; it has had its day with the elderly also. Action for justice is our need!

One of our clients—I'll call her Mrs. F.—had reason to think, years ago, that her late years would be financially secure. But her long illness and that of her husband eroded their savings away. When she talked with me in her modest hotel room, Social Security stipends had to be supplemented by old-age assistance or state welfare. She reported that a recent 13 percent increase in Social Security had given her no benefit because the state deducted a like amount from her welfare check. As a retiree, I had substantially benefitted from the increase because the church did not subtract 13 percent from my check.

Our Glide Senior Center people, apprised of this loss by Mrs. F. and 300,000 other elderly poor in California, placed the first picket line at the capitol during the 1968 legislative session. They carried such signs as

"Pass on the Gain" and "Honor the Aged."

Three years later, after much agitation by our group and others, the lawmaking body declared \$7.50 of Social Security gains to be "nonincome" for the computing of state old-age assistance. As the bill awaited the governor's veto or endorsement, two carloads of our people spent the greater part of the day in his office. Television, radio, and newspapers covered both our sit-in in Sacramento and our confrontation with the governor that evening back in San Francisco. The wide exposure given our cause that day resulted in the bill's being signed—and long-delayed justice for California's elderly poor.

Our society tends to stereotype all elderly people as wrinkled and almost toothless, their memory of recent events dull, and rambling when they talk. Even though this picture fits no more than 10 percent of the elderly, it seems to provide sufficient reason for society to want to hide many elderly people away.

Not long ago we began to fight this

idea head on. When the San Francisco Housing Authority designed an attractive senior complex of 75 units in an exclusive residential area, people living there took alarm. Housing for old folks had not been built in that neighborhood before. So called "good reasons" for cancelling the project emerged: "Traffic is bad at that corner." "The streets around there are hilly." "Old people would get lost." Students from the nearby high school protested that the proposed six-story edifice would block their view of the Golden Gate!

The housing authority asked our office for help, and we gave it. Speaking for the city's elderly, we surfaced at two public hearings. We spelled out the plight of people who were paying 50 to 60 percent of their income for poor, worn-out, inadequate shelter. We pointed out that the building projected for the high-school area would provide many worthy people with decent housing at rent no more than 25 percent of their income. I told one hearing:

"If I were a high-school student

looking out toward the Golden Gate, I should rejoice that, at some slight alteration of the view, a goodly number of people down below were beginning to live as human beings ought to live." Our project won approval.

The slogan these days is "Senior Power." For many this is but a dream. Five million older Americans live below the poverty line. I know one woman with an income of \$203 a month who is better off than many others. But in our office she recited some somber monthly facts: \$125 for rent, \$7 for utilities, \$6 for phone, \$12 for special medicines. This leaves her \$53 a month for food, clothing, recreation, cosmetics, insurance, and transportation. With hamburger at more than \$1 a pound, can't you imagine her affluence!

All this suggests abundant opportunities for socially minded churchmen in pursuit of a good cause. Our older people are hurting. Churches, especially in the downtown areas where many of the elderly poor are concentrated, can begin this specialized ministry now.

As an example of the kind of personal, caring ministries which are needed, I think of Emma P., an 88-year-old native of France, whose world was falling apart. She had worked hard all her life, had saved her money, and—though she did not need to do so—had spent her last fifty years in a tenderloin hotel room without bath at \$50 a month. We began to notice some symptoms of senility during her weekly visits to our center. She left her purse on restaurant tables. She forgot the way home. Our people moved in and took responsibility for her. We found her a hotel which served meals. We safeguarded her money. I became her legal guardian. We saw her through the last illness and since she had no next of kin, we handled her estate at the end.

Our churches still enjoy much public trust, and I have found that when we speak for people in the name of the church, favorable response is almost universal.

Some months ago, Glide took the lead in forming the California Legislative Council for Older Americans, a coalition of \$3,000-a-year members which speaks for 20,000 affiliated people throughout our state. The idea came from Massachusetts, where a

former Congress of Industrial Organization leader, Frank Manning, heads a statewide Legislative Council for Older Americans.

At 69, Mr. Manning directs an aggregation described by the *Boston Globe* as a "political force so powerful . . . that no candidate for public office dare ignore it." He has staged mass rallies with more than 12,000 seniors present to hear speeches by Governor Francis W. Sargent, Senator Edward M. Kennedy, and Senator Edward W. Brooke, among others.

Meanwhile, our California Legislative Council has grown apace, gaining standing at Sacramento. Last January we packed a church across the street from the capitol, opening the eyes of lawmakers to the demands of retired people. As our keynote speaker, Jim Carbray of Whittier, declared, seniors are "in the political scene to stay, and we will be heard from."

Our friends in the capitol keep us informed of bills needing our support. More than once we have packed hearing rooms with busloads of seniors. Recognizing that Social Security, health care, and employment projects like "foster grandparents" call for action in Washington, we have identified ourselves with the 2.5 million-member National Council of Senior Citizens, our strong right arm on the federal scene.

In San Francisco, we have obtained a 5¢ midday bus fare for the elderly. We have induced two restaurant chains to provide a "senior plate" at \$1. We are now pushing for a city-wide rent-control program modeled after Boston's, and we are in the forefront of opposition to the needless demolition of existing housing.

This year our senior-involvement office at Glide added Charles Clay, a young black man who started on a Mississippi plantation, moved to ghetto social work, and now to senior leadership. Mr. Clay has placed an array of organizational skills at the disposal of new friends he calls the "old folks." Frances Brown, a New Yorker, is a full-time volunteer who has grown "ten years younger" in the work; and Ida Van Raam, a retired social worker, has found an exciting second career in our busy office. Lillie Edsil, long-time Glider, completes the feminine triumvirate.

"Senior Power" is on the move—and a downtown church is its natural focal center. □



Two senior citizens buttonhole a state lawmaker. As the movement grows, more and more pressure is being applied where it counts most—at the ballot box. "We are on the political scene to stay," they declare.

And the flesh Became Words

BY RICHARD L. LANCASTER

Pastor, Meridian Street United Methodist Church
Indianapolis, Indiana

And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth; we have beheld his glory, glory as of the only Son from the Father.—John 1:14

THERE IS a contemporary folk song called *There Ain't No Instant Replay in the Football Game of Life*. The fact that someone would compose such a song indicates how conditioned we television sports fans have become to the instant replay.

Someone told me the other day that he always makes out his monthly business reports during a televised football game. Whenever the crowd starts to make a lot of noise, that is his cue to look at the screen. If he is a little too late to catch the play, the instant replay is right there to help him pick up what he missed the first time around.

We could use something like instant replay where Christmas is concerned because, after all, there were only a handful of people who caught it live and in color the first time. The rest of us have had to depend on words and the imagination of artists, to "stop the action" of that night for us. And the great danger of being so far removed from the event itself by a bridge built largely of words is that such a bridge of words may go a long way toward undoing what Christmas was meant to do.

We look upon Christmas as the hinge on which history pivots because it was at Christmas that what for generations had been words at last became flesh. That, to be sure, puts it a bit too baldly. When John climaxes the prologue to his Gospel by saying, "And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us," his "Word" with the capital W does not mean what we mean when we use "word" with a small w.

It is so difficult to find a satisfactory synonym for just what John means when he says "the Word became flesh" that many of the modern translators do not try. If we were to try, we might say that "the light and life of God" or "the self-expression of God" became flesh and dwelt among us. But capital W or small w, the basic point remains the same: we look upon Christmas as the hinge of history because we believe that in Christ what had been invisible became visible, what had been intangible became tangible, what had been diffused became focused.

Unfortunately, however, the Word that became flesh can become words again—words we dutifully recite without any sense of the impact they ought to carry. The Gospels contain their own evidence that the word games began even before the Crucifixion and Resurrection. Jesus speaks of people who would address him as "Lord, Lord," but whose discipleship seemed to stop right there. The vocabulary of discipleship they could handle easily, but the impact of the Incarnation—the impact of the light and life of God having come to meet them in a man—had not really gotten through to them at all.

If that could happen to people who were contem-

poraries of Christ who knew him in the flesh, how much more easily it can happen to us. We are something like people who live beside the Grand Canyon or Niagara Falls. They are next-door neighbors to one of the wonders of the world, but it is so much a part of the landscape that they have gotten over being awestruck by it, and when they try to talk about it enthusiastically to a stranger, they tend to borrow their words from a chamber of commerce brochure.

It is something like that with us. The Word became flesh and dwelt among us, but we take the miracle and turn it inside out so that what dwells among us is words. And that is why, over and over again, Christmas after Christmas, we need to punch ourselves awake to what happened and realize all over again what it means to say that when the time came for God to make himself known with clarity and power, he chose to speak through a life.

Refuse to let the miracle be undone—refuse to let the Word that became flesh turn into words again—and your religious quest will be radically simplified. We who link ourselves with the Christian tradition have no business speaking of that strange yearning of our hearts to relate ourselves to the eternal as being so mysterious and complicated that we are left in total bewilderment, without the faintest notion where to begin. If the Word became flesh—and if we do not let it float away in words again—we have our place to begin. Jeremiah in the Old Testament saying, “‘If you seek me with all your heart, I will be found by you,’ says the Lord” becomes Jesus in the New Testament saying, “I am the way . . . Follow me.” Augustine said it beautifully. “Walk by him the man,” he wrote, “and thou comest to God. . . . I do not say to thee, ‘Seek the way,’ for the way itself is come to thee. Arise and walk.”

Do not let yourself get hung up on the idea that you are supposed to make the simple equation that Jesus is God and God is Jesus. That is not what Augustine said. “Walk by him the man,” he said, “and thou comest to God.” No one claims that in Christ we see disclosed the whole sweep of God’s being. No one claims that in Christ the whole meaning of God is exhausted.

God is more than Christ, just as the rainbow that arches across the sky is more than the tiny band of colors I sometimes see on our living room carpet when a ray of light strikes a flaw in a window pane and the light is broken into the colors of the spectrum. That small band of colors shining on the carpet beside my chair is not a rainbow, but perhaps it is as much of a rainbow as can enter into the confined space of my living room, and the colors in it are true. And so in Christ perhaps we see as much of God as can possibly enter into the confined space of human frame and mind, and there, too, the colors we see are true.

Now let me shift gears. We have been considering the big Christmas, the main-event Christmas, the Christmas that occupies the center ring—the one in which the light and life of God became tangible and visible in Christ. That main-event, center-ring Christmas is supposed to spawn millions and millions of little Christmases as the spirit of Christ becomes tangible and visible in the lives

of those who look upon themselves as his disciples. As one Christian in the late medieval period put it,

*Though Christ be born a thousand times anew,
Despair, O man, unless he’s born in you.*

The Incarnation is supposed to be repeated; the spirit of Christ is supposed to become tangible and visible in your flesh and mine. But we have the same trouble with the little Christmases that we have with the big one. The impact of lives is called for, but we tend to settle for the diluted impact of words. And our trouble is deeper than that: there is honest confusion in our minds as to just what the spirit of Christ looks like and sounds like when it takes on flesh in our time.

The bishop of one metropolitan area in which there is all kinds of turbulence said to his wife one morning at breakfast, “You know, I feel like a midwife assisting at a birth. And all the relatives are standing there shouting advice: ‘Do this; do that; don’t do that.’” His wife interrupted him: “Do you have to call yourself a midwife? Can’t you at least call yourself an obstetrician?” And the bishop replied, “No—because I don’t feel I know that much about what’s happening. And there is something else I don’t know. I don’t know whether the father of the child is the Holy Spirit or the devil.”

We, too, have been dipped in that kind of dilemma. We face hard choices between imperfect alternatives; we find honest, good men disagreeing, and sometimes the decisions we make separate us from people whose friendship and support we value. At the first Christmas the Word made flesh set in motion both angels’ songs and an order from Herod to kill all males under two years of age. So in our time not everything set in motion when the spirit of Christ seeks flesh may be gentle and smooth and congenial. Some things may be abrasive and jolting.

Through it all we must try to remember that the identifying mark of the Word made flesh is not agreement with us but agreement with the spirit of Jesus Christ. And the standard of measurement for that can only be the New Testament, not the latest magazine or the newest newspaper.

We had a sad Christmas note last year from a friend of years and years ago, someone we have not seen for a long time. She told us that her husband had informed her that he would prefer to go his separate way. The divorce became final last summer, and since then she has been trying to put life back together for herself and her children. She said she felt she could have faced physical death more gracefully. And then came these sentences: “Even with this death of my marriage, of my own self-image, and of a number of hopes and expectations, I have found occasion to have a new look at possible meanings for rebirth, renewal, and resurrection. No one has a better chance to find out if they are real in the here and now.”

She is trying to take some magnificent words and ideas—rebirth, renewal, resurrection—and make them flesh. And it can be done. We know that because once it was done, in a life that began at a place called Bethlehem. And we cling to the faith that through the power of that life, it can be done again . . . and again . . . and again. □

By ROBERT J. MOSER

A Man for All Nations

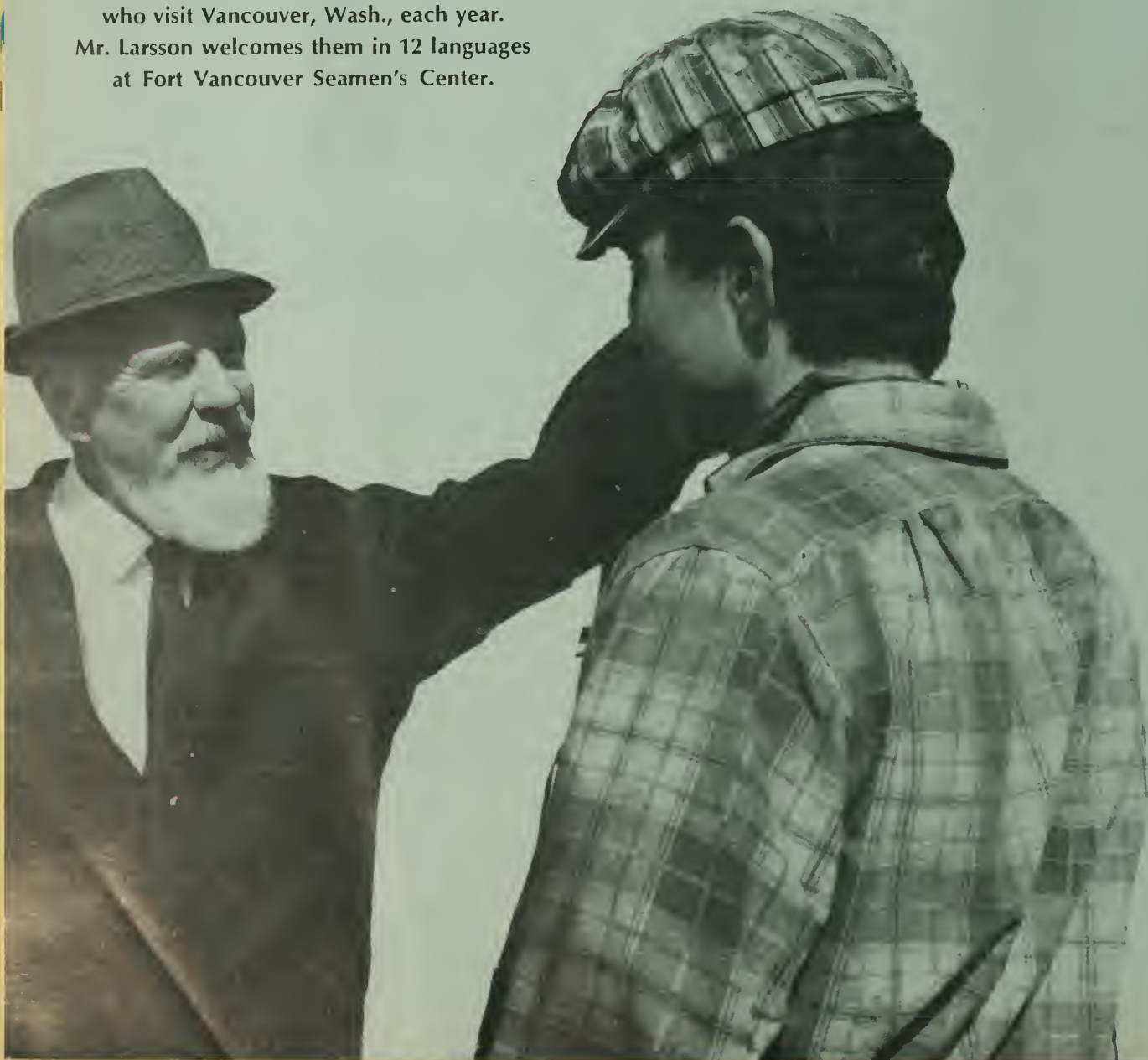
'The best men in the world are seamen,'
says John Larsson, minister to the 10,000 seamen
who visit Vancouver, Wash., each year.
Mr. Larsson welcomes them in 12 languages
at Fort Vancouver Seamen's Center.

THE BIG freighter waited off the Oregon Coast near the mouth of the Columbia River. The youngest sailor aboard, from the Philippines, looked around with interest. This was his first trip to the United States—to anywhere for that matter—so everything was new to him.

He had not particularly wanted to be a sailor but signed on when financial difficulties forced him to drop out of school. Now, in a few hours they would be docking at Vancouver, Wash. When he went ashore, how would he be treated? How would he feel?

A pilot came aboard to guide the big ship across the treacherous bar into the Columbia. Then the ship's own master was back at the helm, and they were traveling up the largest river flowing into the Pacific Ocean from North America. Vancouver is about 100 miles upstream, past wooded hills and rolling countrysides and smelly paper mills. A few miles from where the ship docked was Portland, Oreg., the larger of the twin port cities.

On the same day the ship docked, a visitor came aboard. He had a neatly trimmed, mini-Hemingway beard,



a firm handshake, kind brown eyes—and the young sailor would never forget him. He went from crewman to crewman, inviting them to go with him. The young sailor did not understand exactly where, but at the urging of shipmates who had been in Vancouver before, the young Filipino joined others who were already heading for a nearby Volkswagen bus.

It was only a few minutes drive to the old white house at 712 West Evergreen Boulevard. A sign in front said, "Fort Vancouver Seamen's Center, Welcome." The bright red door made the sailor smile.

Inside, seamen from other ships were talking in noisy groups, enjoying coffee and cookies, playing the piano and reading. Soon the Filipino learned that his white-bearded host was the Rev. John Larsson, director of the center.

"On the way over the other fellows told me about Vancouver and the center, but I didn't think what they said could be true," the young seaman later confided to Mr. Larsson. "This is the most wonderful experience of my life. I have found someone to talk to and people who care."

By the time the Filipino left the center, his arms were full of books. Now he could be both student and sailor.

It is Saturday noon. John Larsson has already visited every ship in port, offering the services of his program to dozens of men like the young Filipino. Now he has brought two men from the M.S. *Ionian Skipper* for a supply of magazines and jigsaw puzzles, a tour of the city, and conversation over coffee or pop. If they would like to visit a Vancouver family, Mr. Larsson will arrange that, too. He'll keep offering, talking, and arranging until 10 p.m. or after, to a total of nearly 90 hours a week.

Some large cities have fancy "clubs" catering to seamen and officers who have money to spend in the bar or for dinner. Vancouver's center sells nothing except bottles of pop. Everything else—hospitality, relaxation, recreation, friendship, help with the language and customs of this country, counseling, sightseeing—is freely given.

Although Fort Vancouver Seamen's Center is now in its fifth year, many of its needs still are as great as those of the lonely young seamen who may not have been home in a year, or even two. Perhaps that is the beauty of it: a Peace Corps-type mission right at home, available to any Vancouverite willing to provide more than lip service. And many are. John Larsson goes about accomplishing his work with the help of his fellow United Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, members of other denominations, and some nonchurchmen.

The volunteers, one of the two vital ingredients necessary for the success of this community-service venture, have painted, landscaped, furnished, and refurnished the old house to make it attractive and homey feeling. They also keep the cookie supply replenished and greet visiting seamen daily. Last Christmas they provided more than 200 gifts to seamen, invited sailors into their homes, and sang carols on board ships. At Thanksgiving 30 seamen enjoyed dinner with American families.

The other vital ingredient is the director hired to represent the community, its center, and its residents. In a few cases—to men whose only American port is Vancouver—he also represents the entire nation.

The white-haired minister to mariners was born in

Ship visits are only part of Mr. Larsson's job. He spends evenings wherever his men are at the center (next page), at church sightseeing, or in a bar.



1917 in Sweden—and still has the accent to prove it. A third-generation Methodist, he decided when he was 16 that his future would be in the ministry. "College and seminary were like a long hallway into the gigantic room which John Wesley called 'the world is my parish,'" Mr. Larsson recalls.

He was admitted to the Sweden Annual Conference in 1941, the same year he married Birgit Hultqvist, whose father, too, was a Methodist pastor. The following year Mr. Larsson volunteered to accept appointment to a church in Finland, and the couple's son, Peter, and their eldest daughter, Ann-Britt, were born there during the rugged World War II years.

Mr. Larsson's salary, about \$25 a month, was not enough to support his family, so he ventured into boat-building to supplement his income. He built a freight schooner and hoped to sail to Nicaragua to work among the Indians. Instead, he was called to missionary service in India and worked in the Bengal Annual Conference 12 years. Eva, the second Larsson daughter, was born there in 1953.

The family's furloughs included trips to the United States, and they moved to this country in 1962 when John was appointed to the little Methodist Church of Raymond, Wash., about 75 miles above the Oregon-Washington border. After four years there he was invited to Vancouver just as the Seamen's Center was being organized.

Director Larsson loves his job and is admittedly prejudiced about "his" men: "The best men in the world are seamen. They connect the world and transmit its cultures. They have a broader view of the world because they've seen it. They are more objective and often less discriminatory than land-bound people."

As a former sailor himself, John Larsson sees a thought-provoking difference between sailors' and landlubbers' life-styles. The sailor's goal in life is "to discover rather than to possess," he says.

Anyone talking with John Larsson for a while soon knows that Vancouver has one of the most dedicated of the dedicated to serve as a link between the community and the 10,000 seamen who visit the port each year. It is not just because he can communicate in a dozen languages, or because he has lived in Sweden, Finland, England, India, and the United States; it is also because he has a genuine concern for people.

He visits every ship that arrives in Vancouver as well as some of those docking at Portland. In 1970, alone, he made 1,059 visits to ships and contacted 12,306 seamen. Almost 4,000 of them visited the center, and 948 sought him out for personal counseling.

He finds out how the men are doing by talking with them in their cabins, during coffee breaks, and on deck. One would have to know Mr. Larsson personally to appreciate how effective he can be in counseling sailors, especially young ones. Often they will talk to him about problems which they hesitate to discuss with their ship-board superiors—seemingly small matters like unsatisfactory cabinmates; inequitable allocation of overtime that results in a single man getting more work than a married man with family; personal problems; and loneliness.

Mr. Larsson's own experience as manager of an estate in the Himalayas more than once has proved invaluable in communicating with ships' captains about situations



they can remedy. Encouraging a captain to show confidence in a man to get him to do his best work is one of the ways John Larsson involves himself in the internal relations on board ship. Surprisingly, perhaps, no captain has ever told the minister to mind his own business.

"I never argue with anyone," says John. "We all have different viewpoints because we see things from different vantage points. Put a globe in the middle of a circle of men and ask them what they see. Each will see a different part of the world. I try to understand how people from every nation see things and tell them how I see the world. I never try to persuade anyone to my view, even though I may disagree with theirs."

The millions of foreign seamen visiting American ports may be our best or worst ambassadors to the world, depending on their experiences on American soil, Mr. Larsson contends. Too often the only people they meet are prostitutes and corrupt businessmen who peddle their goods to men who cannot afford to stay ashore long enough to prosecute them.

"I often ask myself, 'What has happened to the good



people of our country? Where are the churchgoing people—and especially, where are the mission-minded people? Don't they know that we have the biggest mission field right here at our own doorsteps? Don't they know that here everyone can be a missionary, that here they can reach millions of individuals from all over the world, and that these individuals are more receptive here than they would be if you spent a lifetime with them in their own country?"

There is concern and enthusiasm in his voice as the man who usually just listens talks about his work:

"The seamen, by their labor, pay their own fare coming to our country, and I feel very strongly that we as Christians are mismanaging our resources if we neglect this very important mission field. Churches are spending millions of dollars to send out a few thousand missionaries. Here at home millions of missionaries could do equally good work for a few thousand dollars.

"Personal involvement is greater and far more respected than any other kind of involvement. Our missionaries and ministers are highly specialized, and we often think that

they can perform miracles if we back them up with sufficient funds. We need them, but we just as much need people eager to be personally involved. One Japanese seaman once told me, 'As national heroes we valued the suicide pilots 1,000 times higher than the other pilots—not because they were more effective but because they knew that they were going to sacrifice their lives fulfilling their missions.' Mission is people personally involved."

Although its director is a United Methodist minister and it receives money from the Pacific Northwest Annual Conference and individual United Methodist congregations, the Fort Vancouver Seaman's Center is not a mission of the church. It was organized in 1966 by the people of Vancouver as a community service center and continues as a United Good Neighbors agency. About half of its budget is raised through united fund drives.

One could go on and on detailing the work of the center's extraordinary director and his hundreds of friends whose volunteer services make the Seamen's Center a reality. But the real worth of the project can better be determined from the seamen it tries to serve.

"Seven years ago I wanted to see the world and to experience something new," a Dutch sailor recently told Mr. Larsson. "Perhaps, most of all, I wanted to get away from myself and my hometown. I have been in many places and have had many experiences, but nothing has been half as exciting as the hour we now have been talking together.

"Never before has anyone pointed out to me that the greatest thing is to see your own self and to discover how your own self will best fit in, where you are at the present time. Nor has anyone before this helped me to understand that I am part of God's plan wherever I am, each moment, and that is the place and the time when I should try to fit in and do my best according to the knowledge I have."

Some months earlier a Hong Kong ship had docked in Vancouver. Because he was from behind the bamboo curtain, one of the Chinese sailors was not allowed to leave ship in an American port. John Larsson made several visits to the ship and talked with the young Chinese. One day the young man said, "I wish that you could come to my country so my people would find out that Americans really care for people and aren't interested only in dominating the world with the American dollar."

"There are seamen's centers all over the world, some like hotels, with lobbies as big as your whole center—with swimming pools, gyms, restaurants," a Norwegian sailor recently said. "None is as attractive to me as our little home in Vancouver.

"When you walk through that red door you feel the warmth of home. The small rooms take away the loneliness. Sometimes it is too small for games, but it is a home. We need homes like this one where we feel that we are members of a large family." □

Letters

EVALUATION OF JESUS PEOPLE REVOLUTION: WONDERFULLY TRUE

I was never so proud of being a Methodist preacher as when I read *The Jesus Revolution* [August-September, page 22]. Your evaluation is wonderfully true.

With my young friend, John, I have associated with these people on the beach at Isla Vista—a torch-ringed bonfire circle of 30 students and nonstudents, sharing Scripture in a praise and prayer fellowship of mutual support, on the edge of the very secular University of California at Santa Barbara campus.

I also have been with these Jesus People for conversation and Bible study at a coffeehouse where hippie types are ministered to socially and spiritually and have heard the late Bishop Pike's son Chris tell how he came into a new life in Christ on the Berkeley campus.

As a spiritual heir of John Wesley, I can give myself with equal joy to these young people as I did to the needy people in the public housing ministry in Pittsburgh.

ROBERT W. YOUNG
Glendale, Calif.

YOUNG PASTORS NOT TURNED TO JESUS-CENTERED LIVES

Your sympathetic *Viewpoint* on *The Jesus Revolution* is very pleasing to this lifelong Methodist.

In mentioning the denominations that are sympathetic to the movement, it is not surprising that Methodists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians are not named. One needs only turn back three pages to *Minister Under Stress Turns First to Wife* [page 19] to read in answer to the question of who was most helpful in periods of stress that only "one Protestant in ten mentioned God." Similarly, "only one clergyman in six mentioned prayer, Scripture reading, or other acts of faith as a step to ease stress."

Followers of the Jesus Revolution

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would be almost unanimous in turning to Christ in time of any kind of need. This recalls clearly my early days in the Methodist Church, when the prayer meeting and the Epworth League gave splendid opportunities for Christian growth and for testimony and winning others.

It seems evident that our theological schools have not changed our young ministers to Jesus-centered lives which these Jesus People are now enjoying.

JOHN D. CRUMMEY
San Jose, Calif.

SEPARATED CHURCHES PULLED TOGETHER BY TOGETHER

Readers often thank you for recent articles. I wish to thank you for something published in 1963.

A friend did some housecleaning last summer and gave me the issues of *Together* which she had lovingly saved for 15 years. Last week I was going through several years worth of them and found two surprises.

In the March, 1962, issue on article on *Old Epworth Rectory* has pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gerten of the church where I am presently a member in Garden Grove, Calif. Then the November, 1963, issue pictures David Goffron of Decatur, Ill. Dave and I were fellow MYF members in Decatur before 1959 and have not seen each other since then.

It was a magnificent experience for me. It pulled into sharp focus the fact that, although my two churches are two thousand miles apart, they are pulled together by *Together*.

MRS. JOYCE ALDERSON
Santo Ano, Calif.

KING, GANDHI, ST. FRANCIS HAD IT: COURAGE TO ADMIRE

Your *Stimulus/Response* article, *The Lost Ethics of Jesus* [October, page 6], really made this old World War II-type Marine sit up and take notice, so much so that I plan to use it as a follow-up with my Sunday-school class.

I think I've got a rough idea of what courage is all about. I was in three World War II landings; at one time I felt the sting of leather in the boxing ring; and I still practice the martial arts of judo and karate on occasion. But I have always admired the ethics that Jesus laid down for us so many years ago.

The men and women down through

history who have followed this ethic of turning the other cheek, going the extra mile, blessing the jailers—they had the real courage to admire. The courage of a Martin Luther King, a Gandhi, a St. Francis, and others like them is without parallel.

I had shown this article at the plant where I work, and quite a few of us roughneck auto workers were intrigued by it. One of the men, also a martial arts practitioner, and I came up with a thought. To walk the second mile or turn the other cheek, if done from a position of strength (as knowledge of the arts or, more important, of the love of Jesus and his "lost ethic"), would make the old saying that I got from one of Dr. King's sermons more and more meaningful:

Fear knocked on the door; faith answered. There was no one there.

ROBERT KEOSIAN
Hawthorne, N.J.

AUTHOR MISSED TRUE THRUST OF JESUS' MESSAGE

In his article *The Lost Ethics of Jesus*, I feel that William C. Tremmel missed the true thrust of Jesus' message.

Jesus did not preach passive acceptance of personal rebuff or injury. He preached aggressive goodwill. The slap is countered by active kindness; the clothing appropriated by another is followed by a gift to the guilty one.

The irksome obligation is no longer obligation when it is topped by willing helpfulness. Doing good to the pestiferous is not really hard when it is done with enthusiasm and imagination. (Try snowing 'em under with love!) In fact, to surprise with special graciousness the ones you find it hard to love can bring surprises to you, too.

If you don't relish being a doormat, try being a red carpet. It's much more fun.

MRS. BURT T. HODGES
Gronville, Ohio

SAVING FOR BLUE DAYS

I feel Mrs. W. N. Kirkpatrick misses the point of *Letters From Elsewhere*. [See *Such Spelling, Grammar for Comics, Not Together*, August-September, page 51.]

I hope to see Hegbert Clutter's letters for years to come. He is presented as an honest, hardworking, sincere person doing his job and telling it like it is, which I find refreshing and a joy to read. I always

feel so much better after reading *Letters From Elsewhere* and have been saving them to reread on blue days.

MRS. VINCENT BARTLEN
West Allis, Wis.

GOOD NEWS REPORT: SARCASM UNBECOMING TO CHRISTIANS

I was appalled at John A. Lovelace's article *Good News Movement: Is It Really Good News?* [August-September, page 18].

My husband (reared a Lutheran) and I (reared a Quaker) are members of Bethel United Methodist Church, and it was our privilege to attend the 1971 convocation in Cincinnati. I have been having some serious doubts about The United Methodist Church and was thrilled to find a group such as the Good News Movement.

Then your comments arrived. I sensed a sarcasm which is not becoming to Christians. Don't fear for the rest of The United Methodist Church. This movement could have as much impact on it as some Reformations of the past.

MRS. PHILIP S. MILLER
Bethel, Ohio

TO '15 YEARS . . .': A FOOTNOTE

My comment on *Together* would pick up on *15 Years With Together* [October, page 3] and add this footnote: "... and you've done a remarkable job! Keep up the good work. I think *Together* is one of the finest publications going."

ROBERT E. MELONEY, Pastor
Calvary United Methodist Church
Dumont, N.J.

SOURCES OF STRENGTH

For two articles in the August-September issue I sincerely want to thank you: *The Jesus Revolution* and *The Incredible Francis Asbury* [page 27].

Our church is strengthened, and so am I, by knowing past history and the present making of history.

W. C. HARTFORD, Retired Minister
Gresham, Oreg.

OTHER CHURCHES INVOLVED IN RESPONDING TO PEACENIKS

United Methodist response to the Mayday peace demonstration was far greater than reported in *Why We Opened Our Doors to Peaceniks* [August-September, page 14].

The church of which I am pastor was preparing food on a 24-hour

basis, and our building was used also as the training center for hundreds of marshals in nonviolent techniques prior to the mass arrests.

The United Methodist Building on Capitol Hill was used on a 24-hour basis as the medical corps headquarters. Our ministers from all over the metropolitan area stayed at the courthouse until all cases had been heard, offering themselves as third-party custodians, taking demonstrators into their own homes and arranging transportation back to the places from which the demonstrators had come. Other United Methodists spent hours relaying telephone messages to detained demonstrators' families.

Prior to and during the demonstration pastors met in this church to delegate responsibilities for meeting the great variety of needs that occur in such a crisis, and since then this congregation has secured the services of the Rev. John P. Adams to coordinate such efforts and prepare communications channels should a similar crisis occur.

The Dumbarton Avenue Church is to be commended for its response, but your readers should be aware that the church was joined by far more than two others as the article states. Our churches, pastors, and laymen responded in a way that was in keeping with our Christian ethic, though many were unsympathetic to the Mayday Tribe's tactics and endured severe criticism for their willingness to become involved.

JAMES P. ARCHIBALD, Pastor
Capitol Hill United Methodist Church
Washington, D.C.

MILITANT RADICALS USED BY EGO-CENTERED CHURCHMEN

Congratulations to Dumbarton United Methodist Church. Now it can join the ranks of "social involvement" churches and ministers whose desperate search for identity is manifest in the scars and wounds and court trials of demonstrations and the arrogance of their "I'm different than the rest of the hypocrites in the church" attitude.

The article is misleading in giving the impression that the Mayday demonstrators used the church because it was centrally located to their purpose. Of all the churches in Georgetown and surrounding areas, this particular church was a logical staging area because of the makeup of its small, radical congregation.

The tragedy of this kind of publican-sinner identification with

the militant radicals is that they are being used by certain churchmen to bolster their own ego-centered messianic image.

THEODORE J. WILSON, Chaplain
Major, U.S. Air Force
Marlow Heights, Md.

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Teens

BY DALE WHITE

DURING the big campus flare-ups over our invasion of Cambodia, we invited two students from a nearby university to our church to explain their opposition to the war. Many of our adults were openly hostile toward the students. Tempers flared. Names were called.

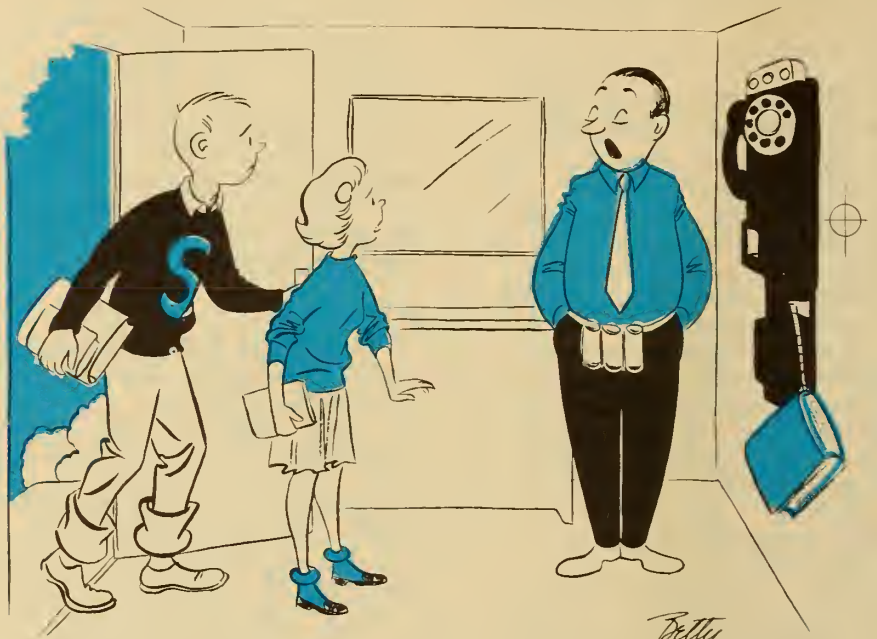
People simmered down, though, when they discovered who the students really were. They were no flaming SDS radicals, ready to bomb banks in the name of peace. They were well informed, but they had no magic formula for instant peace. They simply had a burning passion for an end to the slaughter, and a deep sense of revulsion at our activities in Southeast Asia.

Adults often misunderstand the driving interest of young people for peace. They assume the kids have been swayed by radicals or taken in by some alien ideology. The truth is that young people feel the brutality of the war more than most adults. Being avid TV fans, they grew up on vivid, ugly images of Americans killing and being killed. They see this ugliness continuing even though many great national leaders say it is unjustified. It is their friends whose lives are disrupted by it, and their future placed in jeopardy by it. Here are quotes from two students:

"To put it bluntly, I am one of those long-haired 'freaks' you hear about in the news all the time. James Joyce said it for me in one of his novels: 'I will not serve that in which I no longer believe whether it call itself my home, my fatherland, or my church.'"

"The Vietnamese war is immoral and unjustifiable. I sincerely believe this, and probably will ruin my life with a jail sentence for my belief. Do you know why? Because when I believe something, I stick with it!"

"I believe in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Therefore, like other American youth, I oppose the war in Viet Nam. I know kids who are so cynical about the war that they



"Change, anyone?"

turn on to drugs and sex. I believe that only a deeper understanding of God can bring any peace and happiness into the world.

"I think it is up to the young people who believe in God to show the kindness and love of Christ that so many need. We are the ones who must struggle hardest for ways to end wars. It is our generation that will soon be teaching young children and our own sons and daughters how to live.

"This is our big opportunity. We can let everybody know it is love that keeps the world turned on!"

In this season when we celebrate the coming of the Prince of Peace, can we not be grateful that his passion is still alive in the world?



I am in love with a wonderful guy, and that wonderful guy in turn is in love with me. We plan to marry next summer. The problem is the waiting.

I want to remain a virgin until I'm married. My boyfriend doesn't seem to think that's so important, and now he's got me wondering.

We have done almost everything there is together, and now he wants to have sex relations with me. It

didn't bother me, the other things, but this does. How can I convince him this is immoral before he convinces me it isn't—or is it?—M.H.

Remembering my own adolescent struggles of conscience and the agony of kids I've counseled, I can sympathize with you. No one ever said it was easy to be young, healthy, and in love while trying to live up to an ideal of sexual continence. Growing up in a permissive society doesn't help, either.

I strongly encourage kids to try hard to save intercourse for marriage for these reasons:

The ideal of Christian chastity is hallowed by centuries of human experience and based upon a deep sense of human dignity and worth.

That ideal remains an important image lifting high the commitment of marriage. Everything we have learned in psychology in recent years shows the importance of loving, stable families.

The dignity of womanhood has been centuries in the building. We have a long way to go yet as the best of Woman's Lib reminds us. I think playboy/playgirl cults are a long step backward. Sexual abstinence helps a couple to resist exploitive ideas and to keep their relationship one between two whole persons not two attractive bodies.

As I said in the lead-in comments

in the October issue [page 52], we see such a contrast between all the glowing talk about "the age of the Pill," the "new morality," and "sexual liberation," and the kids who still get VD and the girls who still get pregnant. Kids often have intercourse under conditions which keep them from practicing good birth control.

Since most parents strongly oppose teen-age intercourse, kids have to sneak around to do it. This makes for harmful guilt, lying, and deception. That's a dangerous road to start down for any reason.

The emotional life of young people is still developing. We have evidence that too-early sexual intercourse can affect that development in harmful ways.

I don't think any less of young people who sincerely disagree with me on this or who do not have the strength to live up to the ideal one hundred percent. But years of counseling and study convince me that sexual abstinence before marriage, based upon the Christian ideals of human dignity and the sanctity of marriage, is a worthy goal to strive for.



I am a 17-year-old youth. I am going with a 16-year-old girl. We are both juniors in high school. We both have a B average and try to act sensibly and think things out before going ahead with anything. We are both Christians and both try to put God first.

We have talked nearly everything over. We would like to get married now, but we both realize that it would be even harder than the normal difficulties of any marriage. We have gone pretty far, but we never have gone all the way.

Our problem is college. We think it will be very hard to study and be married at the same time. Yet we don't see how we can wait that much longer. I love her so much that I just can't stop seeing her. Yet I respect her to the fullest degree.

Do you think a college marriage would be advisable even though we'll have plenty of financial problems? We are quite sure we could make it because of our great love for each other. We are more mature, we feel, than most kids our age and older.—G.R.

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but you have to be hardheaded about some realities. First of all, the finances. You can't be vague and wishy-washy about them—it all has to be worked out in black and white, with contingency plans in case things go wrong. Will both sets of parents continue to support you? To what extent? How much can you earn without hurting your studies, your family life, or your health? How much can you borrow?

You need to be realistic about emotional maturity, too. As one college student told me, "How can I get married? I don't know where my head's going to be at a couple of years from now." People often mature apart during the rapid growth years of late adolescence. Suddenly the marriage doesn't make sense anymore, and people are hurt.

I'm not saying don't get married early; I'm just saying give yourselves lots of time and think it through very carefully.



I find writing to you very difficult since I've never done anything like this before. I need some opinions; I'm a really mixed-up kid. I am a girl, 20, with two very overprotective parents, whom I love very much. I have lots of beautiful friends. I am a college student, average scholar. My goal in life is to be either a minister or a social worker.

I live with a major obstacle. I have had many health problems: poor eyesight, asthma, several allergies, poor teeth. I guess this is the reason my parents treat me the way they do. My allergies are many: certain foods, animals, flowers, dusts, and so forth.

My folks are always worrying about me getting sick—I really think it is psychological on their part. I'm tired of them always saying that if I do something I want to do, I'm going to get sick. This fall I want to share an apartment with a friend a few blocks off campus, and they don't want me to because they are afraid I'll get sick.

Whenever I visit a close friend of mine in the country, I have the time of my life. We go horseback riding, take walks, ride bikes. Her folks are really great—they know I have allergies, but they never bug me about them. They let me do what I want. I must say my allergies hardly ever bother me when I'm out there.

My parents are also the type I can't talk to about my problems. They just get mad when I say anything about them being overprotective, or about anything. I love them, don't misunderstand me, but it's time they cut those apron strings and let me live my own life. If my thoughts are different from theirs, and many times they are, they think they've failed somewhere. I agree with lots of their ideas, but I'm an individual, and I have to have my own ideas and ideals, don't I? What can I do?—R.S.

Your situation is a common one. Parents who have seen a child through a chronic illness or a serious personality or behavioral difficulty often have trouble turning loose. After years of worry, they hardly dare to believe it when the young person is ready to make it on his own.

It may even be that in some deep sense your parents need for you to remain dependent on them. They had to give up a lot over the years to give you special care. When you don't need them any more, they may feel a tremendous emptiness and loss of meaning.

You seem to be ready for separation from your parents. They are used to seeing you as a sick person, and tend to reinforce your image of yourself as sick. You need to see yourself as a competent human being, able to create a life for yourself in spite of certain limitations. I think it would be good if you lived away from home. The separate apartment would help. A transfer to a campus in another town might be even better.

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Pork Ridge, Ill. 60068. Dr. White, author of *Teens* since early 1966, has long worked with youth. He earned his doctor of philosophy degree in psychology and ethics from Boston University and is presently serving as a district superintendent in the Southern New England Annual Conference.

—Your Editors

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.



When do good things become bad?

✦ Our first problem is to define "good" and "bad." What is good in the eyes of society is often very bad in the sight of God. There is a modern tendency to imply that a thing is good if a majority of the people insist that it is. On this basis one can justify almost anything. Most Americans seem to feel that drinking is good. But the social and personal consequences tell a different story. Millions of people believe that leisure is good. Yet our problems of boredom are many and varied.

Jesus made it plain that a good thing

can become bad for at least two reasons. First, when the good deed is wrongly motivated as it was for the Pharisees: "When you pray, do not be like the hypocrites; they love to say their prayers standing up in the synagogue and at the street-corners, for everyone to see them." (Matthew 6:5, NEB.) Second, when a good deed becomes an end in itself rather than a means to an end. Anything which separates one from God—including the Bible, doctrine, or prayer—becomes bad for the person and for society.

What is the meaning of church membership?

✦ In some denominations, membership means a certain style of life and strict disciplines. Sometime's these rules read more like a legal contract than a covenant.

The United Methodist Church has defined membership in terms of quality of life, mission in the world, and basic attitudes: "A member of The United Methodist Church is to be a servant of Christ on mission in the local and worldwide com-

munity. The servanthood is performed in his family life, daily work, recreation and social activities, responsible citizenship, the issues of his corporate life, and all his attitudes toward his fellowmen" (*The Book of Discipline, 1968*, Paragraph 113). In a word, church membership is a full-time job of representing Christ in all contacts and relationships of life.

Can a person be a minister without deep personal faith?

✦ A person cannot be much of anything without a deep personal faith. Nor can he be a good minister with personal faith alone. It must be more than "his faith," and be deeply rooted in the total biblical faith—priestly and prophetic, natural and holy. It must be faith that is thoroughly tested in the life of the apostles and delivered to the saints, not

the closed faith of dogma or defensive faith that separates itself from the world. Following the Book of Acts, it must be a faith for this world and other worlds as well. To be a minister is to have and to share this kind of faith or, more precisely, to be possessed by this kind of faith. A minister announces it in his preaching and lives it in encounters with life.

Arthur DeMoss, founder of the Gold Star Plan, says:

"It's about time us non-drinkers got a break!"

by Arthur DeMoss

"I don't drink. That doesn't make me an angel. But it sure keeps me feeling good—both physically and mentally. And it saves me money too!

I've been in the insurance business almost all my life. And it always made me mad that people who *didn't* drink had to pay the same rates for health protection as those who *did*—even though non-drinkers live longer, enjoy better health and have fewer accidents! That just didn't seem right to me.

I start a new plan

Just twelve years ago, I decided to do something about this situation. I started a special health and accident protection plan for non-drinkers only. And I gave them special rates because they didn't drink. In other words, I rewarded them in a practical way for living better and healthier lives. And this was the first time anybody ever gave them a break like that!

Shakes up the industry

My non-drinker coverage kind of startled people in the insurance industry. Some of the companies wondered. They thought it might make their regular policyholders angry because non-drinkers were getting special rates. But it made sense to give them lower rates, and there wasn't any logical way you could argue it down.

It made sense to a lot of non-drinkers too. They went for it in a big way. From all over the country, they showed their enthusiasm by enrolling in my plan. But more than that, they liked being treated in a special way. For the first time, they were being singled out and somebody was saying to them: "You're special. You're valuable to us because of the kind of person you are and the way you live."

The Gold Star Plan grows

I called my non-drinker policy the "Gold Star Plan". Since that time twelve years ago, several hundred thousand people have enrolled in this plan. They share not only in a valuable, low-cost health protection program—but they also enjoy being part of a special group. We treat them special too. We keep in touch with them. We write to them. We send them a free inspirational magazine—without any advertising—several times a year. We remember them on their birthdays. We send them a beautiful calendar in full color every year. They appreciate the attention we give them, and many write to tell us how much it means to them to be "Gold Star" subscribers.

A great protection plan

Of course, none of this would work if the health protection itself wasn't worthwhile. But the Gold Star Plan is everything we say it is and more. It



When Arthur DeMoss started his own business in 1959, his "office" was the kitchen table and his "staff" consisted of one employee—his wife. Today his National Liberty Corporation employs 700 people and serves the insurance needs of over 900,000 men and women all across America.

offers important health and accident protection at low cost—and that's why it's been so successful. The plan gives you tax-free cash every time you go to the hospital; and pays you in *addition* to any other health coverage you may have; even Blue Cross or Medicare. You can read about the complete benefits on the opposite page. It's all there in black and white—and there's nothing between the lines.

Examine this Plan without obligation

I'd like to give you a chance to look over the Gold Star Plan in your home, at your leisure. Just send the coupon on the opposite page to me and a Gold Star Policy will be sent to you to examine free. No salesman will call on you. When you receive the policy, you need only mail back the Official Enrollment Form that accompanies it in order to begin your coverage. But there is no obligation to do so. The decision is entirely up to you. Look into this important protection for you and your family now. Mail the free-information coupon to: The Gold Star Plan, Valley Forge, Penna. 19481. Do it today.

A stylized, handwritten signature of Arthur DeMoss in blue ink.

Arthur DeMoss

HERE ARE SOME OF THE BENEFITS YOU ENJOY AS A SUBSCRIBER TO THE "GOLD STAR PLAN"

- Pays you up to \$500.00 a month in tax-free cash whenever you go to the hospital.
- Pays you directly—not the hospital or doctor—and you can use the cash any way you see fit.
- Pays you \$300.00 a month if any covered child goes to the hospital.
- Pays you \$2,000.00 a month if both you and your wife go to the hospital at the same time due to an accident.
- Pays you \$400.00 a month, for as long as you were hospitalized, if your doctor has you employ a full-time registered nurse when you come home from the hospital—up to a total of \$4,800.00.
- Pays you \$1,000.00 for accidental loss of one hand, one foot, or sight of an eye—\$2,000.00 for accidental loss of both hands or both feet or sight of both eyes.

The only exclusions from coverage are conditions caused by: use of intoxicants or narcotics; any mental disease or disorder; any sickness or injury you had before the policy effective date (during the first 2 years only); pregnancy (unless you choose to include Maternity Benefits); and act of war.

You Must Be Satisfied

1. **Guaranteed Satisfaction.** If you are not fully satisfied when you receive the Gold Star Policy, destroy it. You will only be enrolled if you return the Official Enrollment Form.
2. **Guaranteed Renewability.** Your policy can never be cancelled—no matter how many times you are hospitalized or how often you collect.
3. **No physical exam is required to join.** No salesman will call on you. To examine the Plan without obligation, mail the coupon on this page now. Protection will start only when you sign the Official Enrollment Form and send it back.

These are the Low Rates for Non-Drinkers

Age at Enrollment	Monthly Premium per Adult
16-44	\$3.10
45-49	3.20
50-54	3.70
55-74	4.25
75-79	4.80
80-84	5.35
85 & Over	6.40

Add \$1.75 more per month to cover *all* your unmarried, dependent children up to 18 years of age. Then just add \$1.15 more monthly to be covered for maternity benefits too.

Note: The regular monthly premium shown here (for your age at time of enrollment) is the same low premium you will continue to pay; it will not automatically increase as you pass from one age bracket to the next. Once you have enrolled, your rate can never be changed because of how much or how often you collect from us—or because of advanced age—but only if there is a general rate adjustment, up or down, on all policies of this type in your entire state.

ATTENTION NON-DRINKERS:

Examine policy FREE—and find out how you can start your protection without delay.

- NO SALESMAN WILL CALL
- NO AGE LIMIT
- NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED TO JOIN

Mail this Free-Information Form Now!

THE GOLD STAR PLAN
Valley Forge, Penna. 19481

3-1497-9-03

I am interested in your Gold Star Plan for non-drinkers. Please send me at once a copy of your policy to examine free. I understand there is no cost or obligation, and no salesman will call on me.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Enrollments open in most states at this time.



Letters From Elsewhere *by Herman B. Tector*

'I Shure hope We have a Big Christmas Snow...'

Dear Editor:

The biggest moon you ever seen is hanging high over the hill behind my place so I thot I wood drop you a line since I cant sleep the moon is so brite. Also I am thinking about all our kids coming home agin for Christmas and I shure hope we have a big Christmas snow like last year.

Last year our house was full of our growed up boys and girls and their families from Tulsa, Chicago, and Memphis whom started ariving before sunup. By 9 in the a.m. all the presents was unwrapped and the women was in the kitchen cooking up our big Christmas feast when I herd Abby xclaim:

"Hegbert put another leaf in the table! Hear comes my Uncle Gaddis whom we have not seen since last Christmus."

I seen Uncle Gaddis walking up the snowy rode and went out to help him into the house.

"I don't need no help Hegbert," he said. "I just walked 5 mile from the bus stop over on the pike through all this snow without no help from any of you Clutters and I can make it the last 100 yards. I wood have bin hear a lot sooner if I had me some snowshoes and if it was not for having to carry this durn old walking stick. I ort to throw it away."

Well, you dont never know when Uncle Gaddis is joshing so the best

thing is dont pay no attention to what he says.

Everbody xclaimed "Hello there Uncle Gaddis!" but he walked right on past our Christmas tree mumbling that there wasnt nothing under their for him altho their was and he went on back to inspect the kitchen.

"Abby," he said to my wife, "I am famished after toiling over snowy hill and dale and I wood greatly appreciate a cup of your best coffee and perhaps a peace of that famous fruit cake which I hope has been properly aged."

"Are you shure you will not ruin your appetite, Uncle Gaddis," Abby ast him.

"After 80 years of trying I have not ruint it yet," replied Uncle Gaddis, drawing up a chair.

Well, their was 17 of us around the table when the clock struck noon and the women folk started bringing in the baked hens, the dumplings, the sawsage, ham, jiblet gravey, cream taters mashed up with onions and eggs, cornbred dressing, blackberry cobbler, sweet tater pie, biskits, and other things too numerous to mention.

Ever thing was steaming and the biskits was so hot they cud melt a lb. of butter clear acrost the table. How ever thing cud come out of the kitchen at just the rite time I dont know but with that kind of

timing and teemwork I bet the Dal-las Cowboys cud of won the supra bowl.

When I had ast the blessing, Abby said: "Uncle Gaddis, did you forgit to bring your teeth with you agin?"

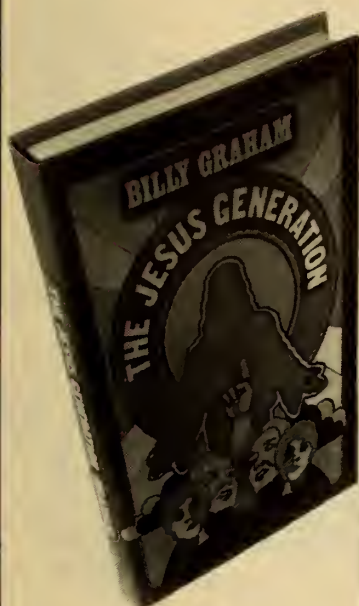
"I did not forgit," he said. "I have disposed of them as being agin the laws of nature. If the good Lord had intended for us to ware store boughten teeth we wood have bin born with them. Henceforth, Abby, I aim to gum my way to glory and their is nothing on your bountiful table that I cant handle."

Well, after we had feasted all us men tramped out into the snow which by now was half knee deep and still falling in big flakes and we walked over my land like we have did many a time before but not often in a great big snow like we was having down hear last Christmus.

"Boys," I said, "this has bin another good year for your pappy. Crops was good. The blackberries was their for the picking and your mamma canned 40 jars. She canned 50 qts of pole beans, 20 qts of beets, 18 qts of good tomaters, and I dont know how many jars of jelly of all kinds. Now you know we have set aside enuff for all of you to take whatever you want back home."

The snow shure was pretty around 2 p.m. when my paster Bro. Harol Viktor dropt by as he always does on

"Youth movements of the past have been perverted and led by dictators and demagogues. Perhaps this one will be captured by Jesus Christ."



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Christmus and he went around shaking hands with everbody most of which he had not seen in a year. Then he said:

"Mrs. Clutter I just happen to be in the visinity and do you by chance have remaining a slice of fruit cake free of alcoholic contanamints and with real whipped creme on top to which I look forward to from one year to the next?" and of coarse Abby did.

Then after he had feasted Bro. Viktor and I walked out alone in the snow to talk about the membership drive down hear at the Elsewhere UM church, and while we was talking we climbed to the top of the hill and looked out over Elsewhere and down on my yard full of pickups, cars and stashiun wagons from several states which had brought our family home for Christmus, and my preacher said: "Bro. Clutter you have a lot to be thankful for on this most holy of days."

"Bro. Viktor," I said, "I ust to climb up on this hill on snowy Christmus eve nites and look down at the house where our growing boys and girls was safe asleep. In them days we had coal oil lamps and no lectricity to lite up red and blue bulbs but Abby always managed to have a real pretty deckoration in the winder to remind me of all the things I shud be thankful for."

My preacher said: "Hegbert, I like to hear a man say a thing like that on the day Christ was born," and we went on down the hill to the house where a program was going on in the color tv set our kids give us.

Bro Viktor said: "Friends, I must take my leave, but while that commercial is on let us take a brief time out for a message to the Lord," which he did and said Amen before the commercial was over.

"That was a good prayer, parson," Uncle Gaddis said, "and wood you perchance, since your rear wheels are adorned with new snow tars, be going in the direction of the pike?"

"Certainly," said Bro. Viktor.

Uncle Gaddis shook hands all around and thanked them for his presents and then said to me:

"Hegbert, for a man who aint never had no sense you aint doing too bad," and I guess he is right. But you never know when Uncle Gaddis is joshing.

Sincerely, H. Clutter

For Christmas

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TRANSFORMER

You who touched mistletoe and made it glow
even as You did the holly berry with your joy,
You who made trees of evergreen your sign
to deck the coming of a Baby Boy,
You who made hearths hospitable to a saint
generous in his anonymity,
You who set Wise Men traveling, angels singing,
come set your seal this Christmas Day on me.

—Thomas John Carlisle

THOMAS JOHN CARLISLE, the United Presbyterian minister whose *Transformer* appears above, is one of *Together's* favorite poets. So it is a delight to know that a collection of his work appears in paperback. **Celebration!** (Eerdmans, \$1) begins with Christmas and carries you in natural progression through the year to Thanksgiving.

The celebration of Christmas inescapably brings us to the giving of gifts. The children who contributed to the pictorial beginning on page 32 weren't wrong in their emphasis on presents. It isn't the idea of giving, or of receiving, that offends the spirit of Christmas, it's the pressure to return tit for tat, to give the too-expensive gift, to give where there's no love in gift or giver.

This is why a paperback book chosen with care and imagination, and wrapped tenderly even if clumsily, can speak as eloquently and personally of love and concern as the most expensively bound volume. And it may be more appropriate to today when so many people move from place to place, and home to more and more of us is an apartment. There are practical advantages in these smaller, lighter, more portable, more disposable books—especially if your definition of disposable allows for

passing a book along to others who will read it and enjoy it and then pass it on to still other readers.

Among paperbacks in my office now are **The Busy Man's Old Testament** (Abingdon, \$1.75; also cloth, \$3.50), in which English Methodist minister Leslie D. Weatherhead tries to lure more people into reading the Bible . . . **Nikos Kazantzakis: A Biography Based on His Letters** (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95), by the Greek writer's wife, Helen . . . **An Eye for an Eye** (Pocket Books, 95¢), expose of our prison system by inmates H. Jack Griswold, Mike Misenheimer, Art Powers, and Ed Tromanhauser that helps us understand why riots happen . . . **I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings** (Bantam Books, \$1.25), moving autobiography of Maya Angelou, talented, beautiful, and black . . . **Twelve Makers of Modern Protestant Thought** (Association Press, \$2.25), edited by Presbyterian minister George L. Hunt.

Also in paper is an edition of **The New English Bible With the Apocrypha** (Oxford, \$4.95). Even in paper it may be heavy to take traveling, but if you have radios or television sets in more than one room, why not copies of the Bible?

And lucky is the child who becomes the owner of the boxed seven-volume set of **The Chronicles of**

Narnia (Collier Books, \$6.95). The late C. S. Lewis was a master teller of fairy tales.

"The war lasted for four years, and it had consumed hundreds of thousands of lives and billions of dollars in treasure. It had destroyed one of the two American ways of life forever, and it had changed the other almost beyond recognition; and it ended as it had begun, in a mystery of darkness and passion. If no one could say exactly why it had come about in the first place, no one could quite say what it meant now that it was finished. (A century of reflection has not wholly answered either riddle.)"

Bruce Catton's distinguished history of the Civil War, which received a Pulitzer Prize citation when it appeared as the text of *The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War*, in 1961, is reprinted with more than 200 illustrations in *The Civil War* (American Heritage Press, \$6.95, cloth; \$3.95, paper). It still stands as a landmark, yet intensely readable, history of the first war that tore America apart.

Half a century earlier the drummers had sent out the news: "Ogana—the white fetishman—has come among us." Now they tolled a dirge: "Papa Pour Nous is dead."

Black families began to fill the trails to Lambarene, and people gathered from distant points. Albert Schweitzer had indeed become a father to the natives in that remote part of Africa. For more than half his life the French doctor had healed them, creating a hospital that respected their customs, enduring long years of separation from his wife, whose health kept her in Europe. Now he was dead.

But Albert Schweitzer's influence had spread far beyond the sound of the Bach fugues he played on a series of pianos at Lambarene, pianos that were a striking contrast to the great organs of Europe on which he gave recitals during rare visits home. He was a respected philosopher, a biblical scholar, the author of several books, a crusader for world peace and recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize, and one of the earliest exponents of ecological balance and reverence for life. In fact, most of the world regarded him as a modern saint.

Still, he was not without his critics. His hospital was compared to medical centers in Europe and America and found lacking. He was branded as a pseudoliberal, a colonialist, and even a racist. It is these charges that

WE BELIEVE YOU SHOULD KNOW

(Advertisement)

An Extraordinary Message of Great Urgency—480 children need help to be adopted, Now!

This is the first time in 15 years that Holt Adoption Program has advertised for sponsorships. Our principal concern in Christian service is legal adoptions. We can find homes for children. But it is difficult to find support for them while they wait for homes.

We believe you should know the whole truth in this matter. In our Korea reception center are 480 children who need sponsorship now.

Waiting for parents

These children need someone to love them. They need help while they and their future homes are being prepared. Those who help them will have the satisfaction of playing a vital role in placing them in homes.

Preparation for homes

The truth is we do not believe in sponsorships which keep children in orphanages. We believe every child has a God-given right to have a home and parents of his or her own.

Our sponsorships (except for a few unadoptable children) provide special care and preparation, while we are arranging for permanent adoptive parents.

480 need sponsorship

As this message is being prepared, we have 1,387 children, most of whom are waiting for legal adoption. Over 700 are being sponsored, pending placement in homes. The other 480 have to be provided for out of our own limited funds.

The problem is complicated further in that our sponsorship support is down from last year, and the number of unsponsored children is up.

Only \$18 a month

For only \$18 a month, you can sponsor one of these children until he or she is adopted (usually six months to two years). In American terms, \$18 is a bargain. But in Korea, this provides the nutrition and care needed to bring a child to complete readiness for adoption. This is not easy, after malnutrition from abandonment, or from life in an orphanage that may be substandard.

The whole point of the Holt sponsorship is to get children out of orphanages, into homes, and as early as possible. We don't believe in keeping children in orphanages indefinitely.

Should you agree to sponsor a child, you will be supplied background information, the name of the child, and a photo. When the child is placed in a home, you will be notified.

Since 1956, Holt Adoption Program has placed children in over 6,500 homes in all 50 states and in ten countries of Europe.

Help before Christmas

Frankly, we would like to tell our loyal workers and supporters here, and in Korea, that this Christmas, all of the 480 unsponsored children will be helped toward adoption. Wouldn't that be a wonderful Christmas present to all of them? Thank you for your help.

"Right now we have 480 Korean children who need help to be legally adopted...We don't think that's right...What do you think?"

(480 before Christmas)

HOLT ADOPTION PROGRAM, INC.
Creswell, Oregon 97426

TM-12

Gentlemen:

- ☐ Here is my first check (\$18) for one of the 480 unsponsored children. Send photo and details.
☐ I cannot sponsor a child, but enclosed is some help before Christmas \$_____.

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Street _____

City/State/Zip _____

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George Marshall and David Poling have tried to answer in *Schweitzer* (Doubleday, \$7.95), and this factual yet sensitive biography may go a long way in refuting them.

Educator Donald Barr has an interesting theory about why so many young people are turning to witchcraft, astrology, soothsaying, psychedelic drugs, even violence. He believes that this revolt against reason is partly because of "the enormous fatigue of trying to live without religion."

To take the great Western religions literally is to reconcile reason with the supernatural, and as soon as you lose belief in any of these reconciling schemes, you have to give up either reason or the supernatural. "It is difficult, painfully difficult, for one to give up the supernatural," he explains in *Who Pushed Humpty Dumpty?* (Atheneum, \$10).

This book, however, is not about religion but about contemporary dilemmas in American education. Donald Barr is headmaster of the Dalton School, which remains the largest private school in New York City in spite of a continuous controversy over his "conservative" educational views. In *Who Pushed Humpty Dumpty?* he takes on liberal educators, parents, sex education, science education, and testing with wit, good humor, and warmth. Agree with him or not, you get the feeling that here is one educator who hasn't forgotten what it's like to be a student.

I asked Herman Teeter for an expert opinion on *Other Worlds, Other Gods* (Doubleday, \$5.95). This is an anthology of science-fiction stories based on religious themes, and Herm was a science-fiction fan long before he became an associate editor of *Together*, which was quite a long while ago, too.

It turned out that he had read most of the stories when they first came out in the science-fiction magazines, but he had good things to say about the selection *Time* magazine's religion editor, Mayo Mohs has made. These stories are a good place to start if you haven't yet discovered how skillful the writing is and how breath-takingly varied the subjects are in science fiction today.

Encounters With the Archdruid (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.95) gives us three wildernesses—one on a coastal island in the Atlantic, one in the Cascades, and one on the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon—and how four men see them.

The archdruid is David Brower, the

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Fiction



THE GIRL IN BLUE by P. G. Wodehouse (*Simon & Schuster*, \$5.95) came to me in a rather strange way. Last December I wrote about a great collection of sports stories and mentioned Wodehouse in the past tense, assuming he had died. Then a Simon & Schuster editor wrote that Wodehouse was very much alive in his eighties, was still writing, and lived on Long Island, N.Y. The editor said he would send me the next Wodehouse book, *The Girl in Blue*.

Shortly after that an article on Wodehouse appeared in *Life* magazine telling how he had left England for America, deeply hurt by false accusations of collaboration with the enemy during World War II.

Those who remember Jeeves, Bertie Wooster, and his other characters will know how delightfully he

writes about an England that now exists only in the memory of those of us who read his books.

The Girl in Blue tells the story of a slightly daffy lover who proves to have real character and of a girl who loves him in spite of the money he thinks she has. It is sheer enjoyment, and I recommend it to you enthusiastically. If you have read Wodehouse, you must be a fan and need no other word about his book. If you are not, I simply say, "Poor fellow, how much you have missed."

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE by Paul Gallico (*Coward-McCann*, \$6.95) is about a great ocean liner, a floating hotel, that overturns at sea because of an earthquake. Fifteen people, caught in the darkness and fearful of dying at any moment, try to make their way to the bottom of the

ship which is all uphill since the ship is floating bottom up. These people reveal themselves for what they are through a testing experience in which their character, or lack of it, is displayed.

It is not a new idea for a plot, but it offers the writer a chance to portray unexpected goodness and unexpected meanness. The people are led on this adventure by Scott, a minister. He is a strange fellow, an athlete from Yale, and a man whose religion forces him to set an example of what a man ought to do under adverse circumstances. Some like him and some do not. He ends a suicide which to me, at least, reveals the inadequacy of that kind of religion. This is a revelation of the kind of religion and faith popular in our time.

I did not like this book as much as I thought I would. Gallico is a pretty good writer, all right, but in this adventure everybody talks too much. I came to the end with a great sense of relief. That says everything about this book that needs to be said, and if you think that you would react differently to the books I read and like, more power to you. Read on: I hear sermons sometimes and am so glad when they are finished that I am almost glad I heard them.

—**GERALD KENNEDY**
Bishop, Los Angeles Area
The United Methodist Church

world's most militant conservationist. The other three men are his natural enemies—mineral engineer Charles Park, resort developer Charles Fraser, and dam builder Floyd Dominy. Their confrontations, now reserved, now friendly, now fighting hard across a philosophical divide, are narrated by John McPhee, who takes nobody's side and attempts with great sympathy to present all points of view.

Career woman opposed to women's liberation, liberal opposed to most of the central attitudes of liberalism, Midge Decter is a writer who always comes up with the unexpected observation that puts things suddenly into perspective. **The Liberated Woman and Other Americans** (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, \$6.95) is a wide-ranging collection of her essays and book reviews, and an unforgettable review of the movie *Dr. Strangelove*.

Edmund Wilson has an old stone house with a broad two-storied front

porch in a tiny community in upstate New York. It has been in his family since it was built at the end of the 18th century, and he has spent a good deal of time there during the last 20 years.

Upstate (Farrar, Straus, Giroux, \$8.95) is about this house, but even more it is about the people of that country of "very high skies." I recommend it to all people who like small communities, big old houses, and the flavor of history.

Slightly shortened to make room for illustrations, **The White Nile** (Harper & Row, \$15, deluxe edition; \$6.95, regular) is no less fascinating than it was when it first appeared in 1960. The new edition is handsome, and Alan Moorhead's story of the exploration of the Nile from the Mountains of the Moon to the Mediterranean is a classic of adventure and discovery.

Whatever could be making the churchbell ring every night at mid-

night? The bell rope was broken and the stairs to the belfry had collapsed. Sir Roger de Rudisill found the answer, and it all makes a charming picture book for young readers. **The Haunted Churchbell** (Doubleday, \$4.50) is part of a series about the dauntless Sir Roger written and illustrated by Barbara Ninde Byfield.

An alley cat who was called Motherly Smith because he was always trying to tell the other cats what to do found a skinny little mouse and decided to fatten him up before he ate him. But friendship happens in strange ways, and it's a different kind of cat and mouse story that Solveig Paulson Russell tells in **Motherly Smith & Brother Bimbo** (Abingdon, \$3.75). Parents will be pleased with how Motherly Smith taught Brother Bimbo to be brave and resourceful. Small Fry will chuckle over an action story with plenty of humor. Susan Perl's drawings enliven this book for youngsters in kindergarten and beginning grades.—*Helen Johnson*

Jottings

We spend a great deal of time wondering about you. We know that you read *Together*, but we don't always know what you like, what you dislike, what you would like your magazine to be.

Your letters help, of course, but usually they single out a particular article or department for a brickbat or a bouquet. Seldom do you express your feelings about the magazine as a whole.

For that reason we're running the coupon below. We hope you will take the time to fill it out and mail it to us. We won't ask you for your name, address, or age—although we rather hope you will volunteer this information. If not, well, your comments will be just as helpful to us as we try to produce the best magazine possible for United Methodist families. And if the coupon doesn't provide enough space, don't hesitate to add another sheet or two.

May we hear from you?

We feel that we do know a lot about one of this month's contributors—the Rev. **Richard L. Lancaster** of Indianapolis, Ind. No, not

all of us know him personally. We became acquainted when we accepted his *Open Pulpit* sermon, *And the Flesh Became Words*, on page 44. Acquainted, that is, by correspondence.

We gather, first of all, that Mr. Lancaster is a very modest, unassuming man. He tells us frankly that he's an inept (but enthusiastic) golfer, tennis player, and sailor. But he doesn't stop at that.

"Whenever I read of someone who is described as 'colorless,' I always feel an instant and painful stab of self-recognition," he tells us. "I've noticed that I seem to have a very forgettable face. Lots



of people I remember don't remember me. I feel sometimes I missed my calling . . . I should have gone into bank robbing or some other field in which being sort of nondescript would pay off."

That's all good and fine, Mr. Lancaster, and we'd go along with you if we hadn't noticed the following, among other things: You are senior minister at Meridian Street United Methodist Church, Indianapolis. You are chairman of the ministers advisory board of Christian Theological Seminary, Indianapolis, where you lecture in Methodist history and polity. You are a director of the Indianapolis Church Federation, of Suemama Coleman Maternity Home, of—

But why go on? A lot of people seem to have remembered you, Mr. Lancaster.

Out at Westport, Oreg., they aren't forgetting **Bob Moser**, who wrote *A Man for All Nations*, page 46. He's the young free-lancer who dropped over by boat one day, took a look at the town, and tried to sum it up in a paragraph he wrote in newspaper articles.



Well, the women of Westport didn't exactly like what they read. "It seems I had eviscerated their town, leaving about two thirds of it out of my description," Mr. Moser writes.

Long, well-written letters began to hit his mailbox. All of them, it seems, came from members of the Westport-Wauna fire department auxiliary, and—despite Bob's efforts to apologize—the letters kept coming. He began to feel that he had better not show his face in Westport again.

"Finally, however, I decided I had enough information about Westport, its history, and particularly its women, to write another article."

This article pleased the women so much that they revoked their "threats," the mayor offered Bob the keys of the city, and a clipping of the article was placed on the wall of the Westport community center. And the nice letter Bob received, signed by 30 members of the auxiliary, now hangs on the wall of his office at Clark College, Vancouver, Wash., where Bob Moser is public-relations director.

—Your Editors

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TOGETHER READER QUESTIONNAIRE

What regular departments do you look for with special interest?

What kinds of feature articles do you find most interesting?

If you were editor, what part of this issue would you have eliminated?

In your opinion, what does this issue lack?

Other comments:

Mail to *Together*, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

Together's *16th Annual* *Photo Invitational...* *'Brotherhood'*

*"To live is not to live for one's
self alone; let us help one another."*

—Menander

WE DOUBT that many of our reader-photographers will be going to Hong Kong where Miss Lorraine Dury of Green Bay, Wis., took this appealing picture of a little girl's concern for her baby brother. But this picture could be one of many possible interpretations of the word "*Brotherhood*," theme of our 1972 *Photo Invitational*. You may find what you want much closer to home . . . a truck driver stopping to aid a stranded motorist, a neighbor coming to your door in a time of need, a sincere handshake, a shared moment of triumph, an ingathering of neighbors, a friendly visit to a lonely oldster.

Many other meanings of the word will probably come to you so keep your camera loaded with color film. Once again, all TOGETHER photographers are invited to participate. And, as usual, we expect many ingenious interpretations of the selected theme.

Remember, we will pay \$35 for each slide chosen for publication in the *Invitational*.

"*Brotherhood*"—what does it mean to you?



HERE ARE THE RULES

1. Send no more than ten color transparencies. (Color prints or negatives are not eligible.)
2. Identify each slide; explain what inspired it, where it was taken, and by whom.
3. Enclose stamped, self-addressed return envelope.
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 1, 1972.
5. Original slides bought and all reproduction rights to them become TOGETHER's property. (For their files, photographers will receive duplicates of all slides purchased.)
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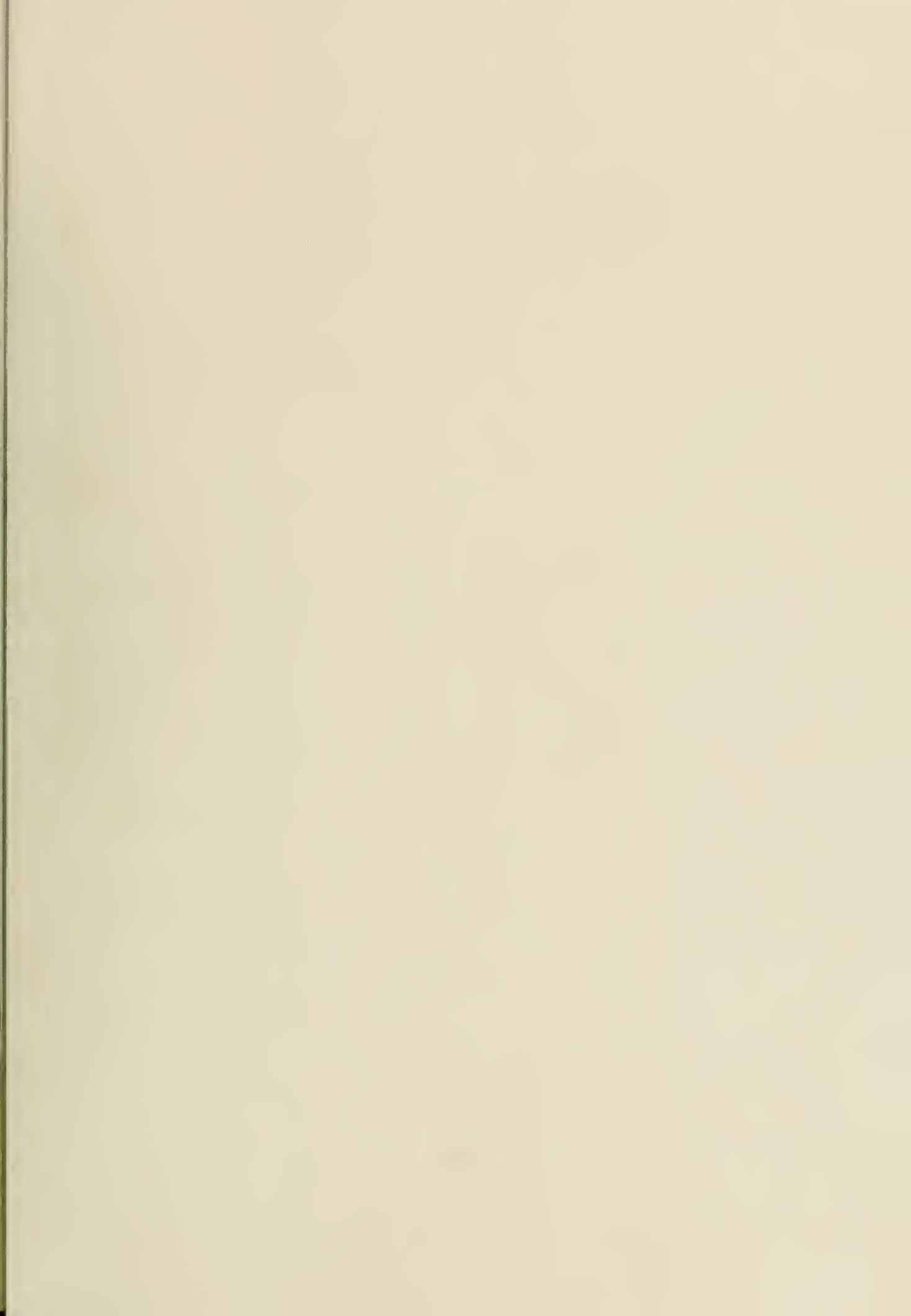
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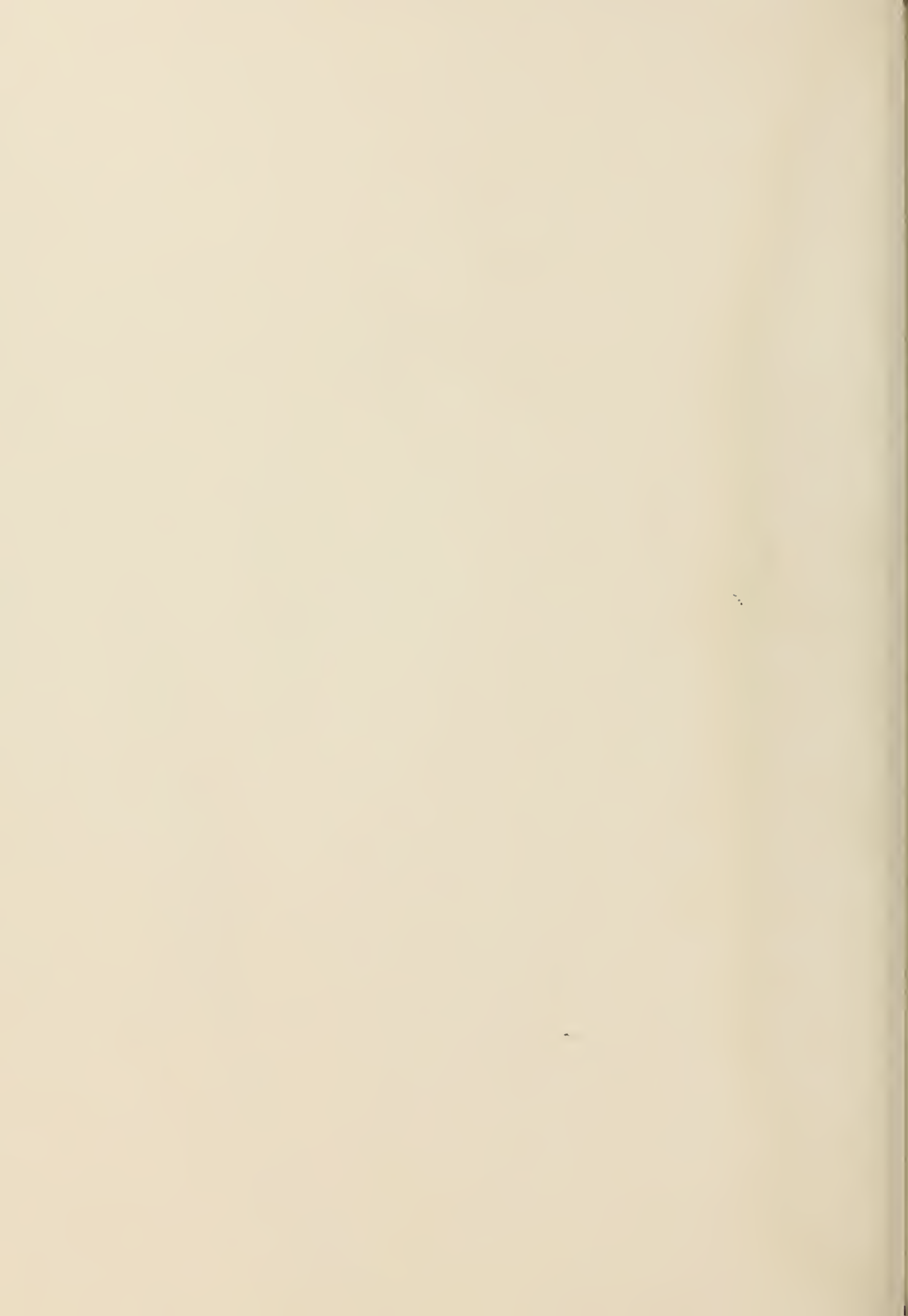
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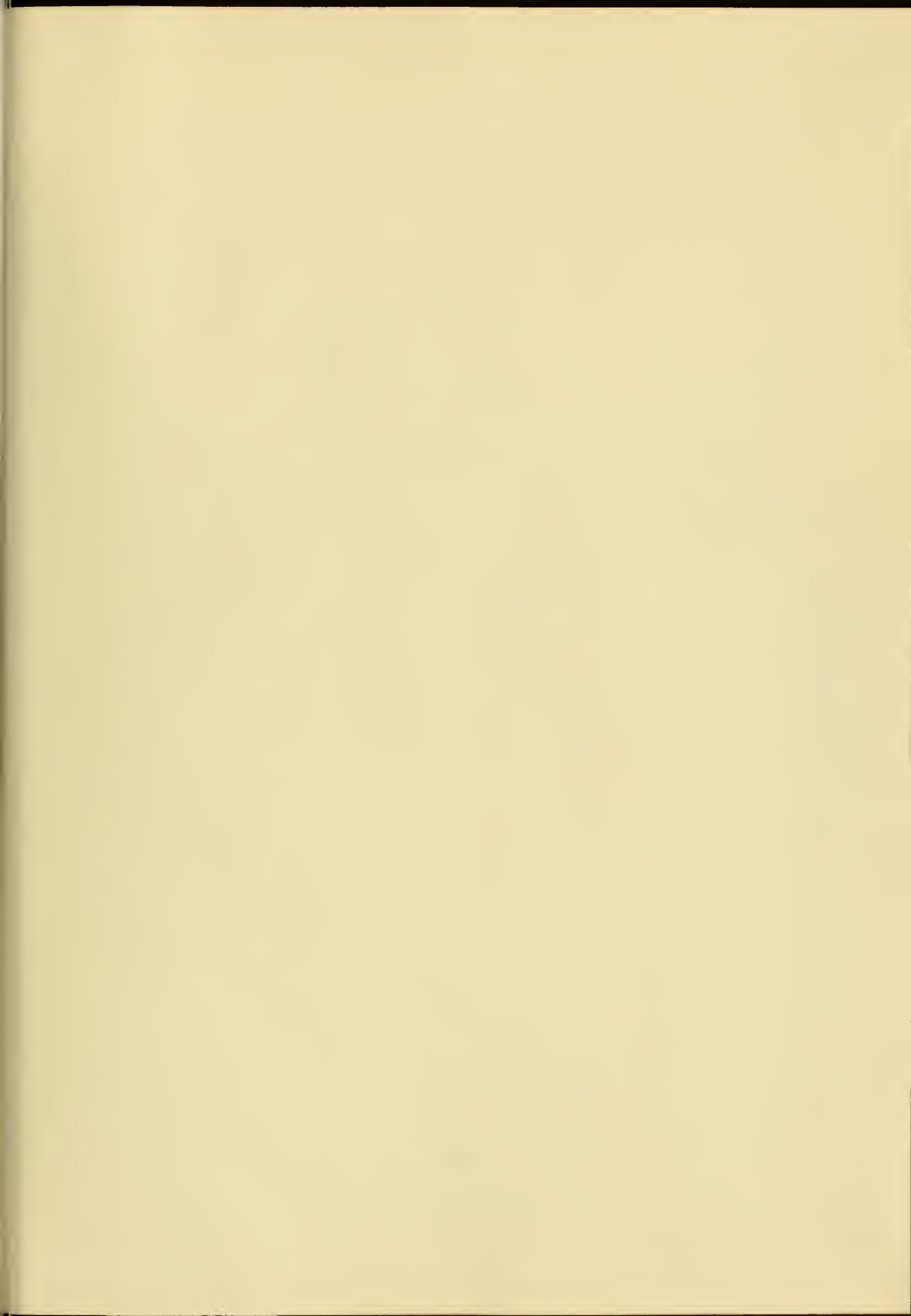
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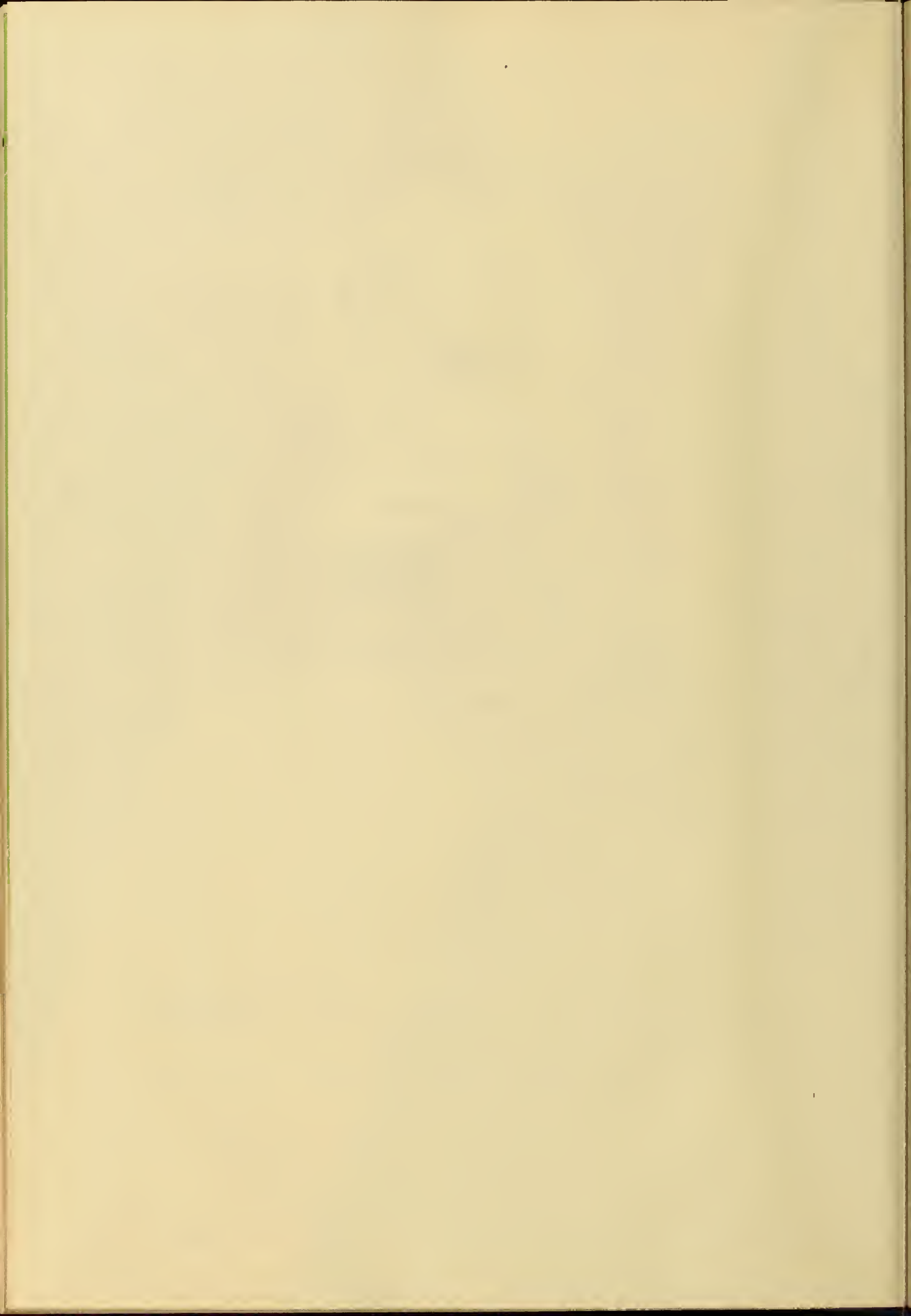
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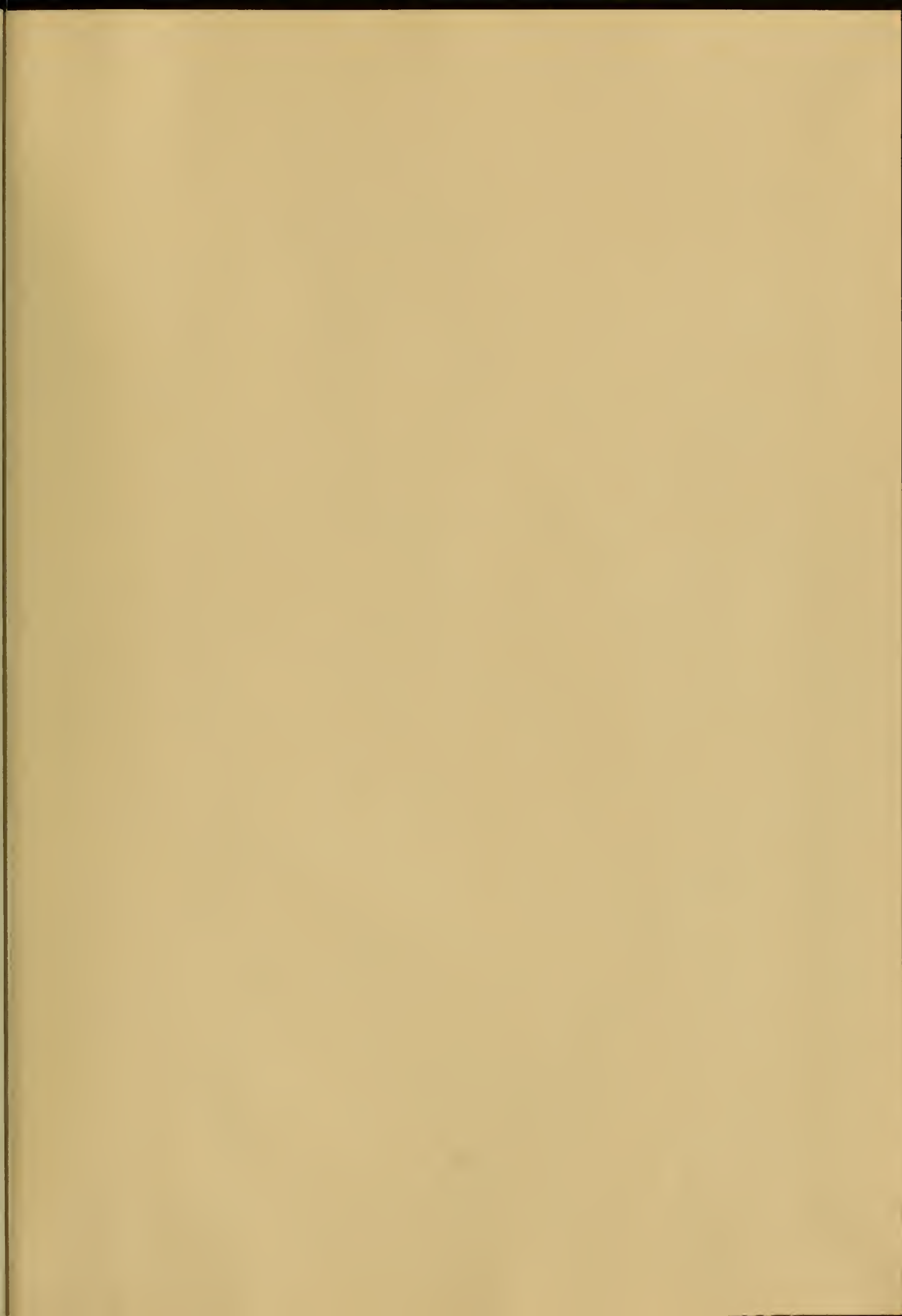
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